

THE MONTH

OCTOBER, 1869.



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THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM.

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Liberals and Illiberals.

OF the three great questions which have to be settled by English statesmen, before it can be fairly said that the policy of governing Ireland on principles of justice and in accordance with the belief and the wishes of its inhabitants has been fully entered on, the last session of Parliament has seen one at least successfully solved. Without going into the details of the Irish Church Bill, or discussing the questions which might be raised as to some of its provisions, it is enough to say that a measure has been passed which has been accepted by the nation as an adequate embodiment of the sincere wish of the Government to destroy the iniquitous ascendancy of the last three hundred years. As we write, three days have been appointed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin for the offering of solemn services of thanksgiving to God for a step on the part of our ruling statesmen which is said to "lay the solid foundation of union and peace in the country." We question whether a single prayer was offered up for the preservation of the hideous "Establishment" which has just been destroyed; but it is, at all events, a novel fact in the history of our times to find the Church of the Irish people solemnly thanking God for justice from the hands of secular rulers. The first of the three questions of the day is therefore settled. The Land question is to follow, difficult and intricate indeed, and calling for the largest-minded statesmanship and for unexampled boldness in the conception of the measure which is to secure for the Irishman on his own soil the home which he has so long been forced to look for on the further shores of the ocean. Behind the Land question, if indeed it be not ripe for consideration at the same time with that, there is a third knot of immense importance to

be untied or cut by vigorous and enlightened statesmanship—the question as to both Primary and Secondary Education, as to the schools for the children of the poor, and the Colleges and Universities where other classes are to be provided with the higher branches of secular Education.

No excuse can be needed for the discussion of this third question at the present time. Its elements are far better ascertained than the elements of the question which relates to the tenure of land in the country. It has, indeed, its difficulties, but they are not difficulties intrinsic to itself. There is little or no question as to justice, little or no doubt as to the wishes and interests of the people. With England before us, and considering the system of Poor Schools which has long and successfully been established there, it is impossible to assert with the slightest reason that the education of the poor is a problem which cannot be satisfactorily settled. Even in England, where the Protestant Establishment is predominant—at least, among the influential classes of society—we have not only a denominational system of popular Poor School Education, founded and widely developed by the assistance of Government, but we have the great national Universities thrown open to a certain extent already, while no one doubts that a large measure of still further extension will become law without resistance, as soon as the Government chooses itself to take up the matter which has been so amply discussed while remaining in the hands of private members of the Liberal party. When Lord Carnarvon, in last July, induced the House of Lords to reject the second reading of Sir John Coleridge's University Tests Bill, it was only on the plea that time was required for the consideration of alternative projects tending in the same direction; and, we may add, the details of the measure suggested by the Conservative earl were far more revolutionary and sweeping than the bill to which he objected. Again, the last session of Parliament witnessed the production and discussion of a measure for primary education in Scotland—rejected at the last moment, on a point of etiquette, by a small majority in the House of Lords, to the very great

injury of most important religious interests—in which the denominational principle was distinctly recognised. Whether therefore we look to the existing state of things elsewhere, or to the principles on which the Legislature has acted, and is likely to act, with regard to parallel questions in England and Scotland, there is no pretence for saying that the demand for denominational education in Ireland is a demand for the adoption of measures hitherto unknown or principles elsewhere unrecognised. There is no difficulty as to the principle, then, of this Educational question. There is no real difficulty as to the wishes or interests of the people of Ireland—if, at least, they are allowed themselves to be their own interpreters on these points. The people of Ireland have already shown by great sacrifices, made year after year, for the support of a Catholic University of their own, what it is that they wish to see in the shape of a provision for those of their youth who are able to enter on a course of higher studies. Again, whatever may be said by the admirers of the well-paid “Queen’s Colleges,” is there to be found either in Ireland or in England a single unprejudiced man, well acquainted with the facts of the case, who will sign his name to a statement denying that these Colleges are a great practical failure, and a failure for no other reason than this, that they are founded on principles which the Irish people cordially dislike? There remains, then, nothing that can be quoted on the other side, except the acquiescence with which the National system of Poor Education has been received by the people in general. The answer to this, however, is obvious. We had lately occasion to speak of the National system, and we shall not be accused of having understated the fair allowance of credit to which it is entitled. It is clear that the National system of Education in Ireland has practically worked better than it might have worked—better, in some respects, than its originators intended it to work—because it has, in the case of so very large a proportion of the schools, been, in effect, denominational rather than mixed. If a professedly mixed school turns out, from circumstances, to be frequented by scarcely any but Catholic children, and to be governed and taught by

Catholic ecclesiastics and teachers, it is, in reality, denominational, with a certain number of restraints and difficulties thrown upon the teachers and the children of the one "denomination" to whose use it is confined. These restraints and difficulties may be dear to the hearts of the members of the Board at Dublin, who delight in nothing so much as in diminishing, if they cannot altogether destroy, the influence of Catholicism even upon its own children. But their existence is a negative injustice to Catholics, and so an injustice not always felt as a positive hardship, while the practical result of the whole working of the school may be good as far it goes, though it certainly cannot be claimed as an evidence either of the benefits of the system, or of the contentment of Catholics with the principles on which it is founded and of which the circumstances of the country prevent the full development and application. All that can be truly said in favour of the system is that the people use it as better than nothing, and that they feel that it does not do all the harm it might do, or all the harm it was intended to do.

We repeat, therefore, with confidence, that the solution of the question of Irish Education does not linger either on account of its intrinsic difficulties or of any doubt as to what is really required by the interests or the desires of the Irish people. No one can doubt how the matter would be settled if it were left to them, or submitted to their representatives in a Parliament on College Green. There are, however, very great difficulties in the way of this simple and natural settlement in accordance with national rights, the precedent of the two other kingdoms, and the plain justice of the case. These difficulties consist in the prejudices and bigotry of certain influential classes in other parts of the empire, who, while they call themselves "liberal," and denounce intolerance, are themselves the most dogmatic of men, the most unscrupulous and tyrannical in imposing their own views and opinions upon others who conscientiously detest them. We have lately witnessed an explosion, which, under other circumstances, might seem more alarming than is actually the case, of the unreasoning violence of the party of which

we speak in the reception accorded by a portion of the English press to the manifesto on the subject of Education recently issued by the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, and it may well be worth our while to devote a few paragraphs to the consideration of this revival of the worst spirit of the dark ages of ascendancy.

We need hardly recal to the minds of our readers the text or the substance of the ten important resolutions*

* The Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, assembled at Saint Patrick's College, Maynooth, on Wednesday, the 18th of August, 1869, His Eminence Cardinal Cullen presiding, deem it their duty to place on record at this important crisis the following resolutions respecting the Education and Land questions :—

"I.—They reiterate their condemnation of the mixed system of Education, whether Primary, Intermediate, or University, as grievously and intrinsically dangerous to the faith and morals of Catholic youth ; and they declare that to Catholics only, and under the supreme control of the Church in all things appertaining to faith and morals, can the teaching of Catholics be safely intrusted. Fully relying on the love which the Catholics of Ireland have ever cherished for their ancient faith, and on the filial obedience they have uniformly manifested towards their Pastors, the Bishops call upon the Clergy and the laity of their respective flocks to oppose by every constitutional means the extension or perpetuation of the mixed system, whether by the creation of new institutions, by the maintenance of old ones, or by changing Trinity College, Dublin, into a mixed College.

"II.—At the same time they recognise the right, as well as the duty, of Catholic parents to procure as far as possible for their children the advantages of good secular education. Justice demands that Catholic youth should enjoy endowments and all other privileges on terms of perfect equality with the youth of other persuasions ; without which equality in the matter of education, religious equality cannot be said to have any real existence.

"III.—The Bishops, without any wish to interfere with the rights of persons of a different denomination, demand for Catholics Catholic education, which alone is consonant to their religious principles.

"IV.—The assembled Prelates, learning with pleasure that it is the intention of Her Majesty's present advisers to legislate for Ireland in accordance with the wishes of its people—and of this they have given good earnest—trust that the distinguished statesman now at the head of the Government will, with the aid of his able colleagues, give to Irish Catholics a complete system of secular education based upon religion ; for it alone can be in keeping with the feelings and requirements of the vast majority of the nation.

"V.—As regards higher education, since the Protestants of this country have had a Protestant University for three hundred years, and have it still, the Catholic people of Ireland clearly have a right to a Catholic University.

"VI.—But should Her Majesty's Government be unwilling to increase the number of Universities in this country, the Bishops declare that religious equality cannot be realised unless the degrees, endowments, and other privileges enjoyed by their fellow-subjects of a different religion be placed within the

unanimously adopted by the Catholic Prelates at their meeting at Maynooth on the 18th of August. It is hardly our business to endeavour to explain the reasons which made these resolutions so extremely unpalatable to certain writers in the *Times* newspaper, but we may

reach of Catholics in the fullest sense of equality. The injustice of denying to them a participation in those advantages, except at the cost of principle and conscience, is aggravated by the consideration that whilst they contribute their share to the public funds for the support of educational institutions from which conscience warns them away, they have moreover to tax themselves for the education of their children in their own Colleges and University.

"VII.—Should it please Her Majesty's Government, therefore, to remove the many grievances to which Catholics are subjected by existing University arrangements, and to establish one National University in this kingdom for examining candidates and conferring degrees, the Catholic people of Ireland are entitled in justice to demand that in such University, or annexed to it—

"(a) They shall have a distinct College, conducted upon purely Catholic principles, and at the same time fully participating in the privileges enjoyed by other Colleges of whatsoever denomination or character.

"(b) That the University honours and emoluments be accessible to Catholics equally with their Protestant fellow-subjects.

"(c) That the examinations and all other details of University arrangement be free from every influence hostile to the religious sentiments of Catholics, and that with this view the Catholic element be adequately represented upon the Senate, or other supreme University body, by persons enjoying the confidence of the Catholic Bishops, Priests, and people of Ireland.

"VIII.—The Bishops also declare, that the Catholics of Ireland are justly entitled to their due proportion of the public funds hitherto set apart for education in the Royal and other endowed Schools.

"IX.—The Bishops furthermore declare, that a settlement of the University question to be complete and, at the same time, in accordance with the wishes of the Catholic people of Ireland, must include the rearrangement of the Queen's Colleges on the denominational principle.

"X.—Finally, the Bishops of Ireland, deeply sympathising with the sufferings of their faithful flocks, believe that the settlement of the Land question is essential to the peace and welfare of the United Kingdom. They recognise the rights and the duties of landlords. They claim, in the same spirit, the rights, as they recognise the duties, of tenants. They believe that the comparative destitution, the chronic discontent, and the depressing discouragement of the people of Ireland, are, at this period of her history, to be attributed more to the want of a settlement of this question on fair and equitable principles than to any other cause. Therefore, in the interest of all classes, they earnestly hope that the responsible advisers of the Crown will take this most important subject into immediate consideration, and propose to Parliament such measures as may restore confidence, stimulate industry, increase national wealth, and lead to general union, contentment, and happiness."

The above resolutions were unanimously adopted at a meeting of all the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, held at Maynooth, on the 18th of August of the present year.—PAUL CARD. CULLEN, Chairman.

fairly remark that a more moderate statement of principles could hardly have been put forward by any set of persons in the position of the Bishops. The immediate subject matter of the great body of the resolutions is Higher Education. The condemnation so often pronounced on the mixed system in general, whether as applied to Primary, Intermediate, or University Education, is, indeed, renewed and reinforced, but, when the ecclesiastical teachers of a Catholic nation feel bound to declare to their own flocks that a certain principle in Education is "grievously and intrinsically dangerous to the faith and morals of Catholic youth," it is quite obvious that when they warn those for whom they have to give an account against such perils, they are not only moving within the strict sphere of their lawful authority, but are discharging a simple and most imperative duty in thus warning them. But the main object of the present string of resolutions is not so much Primary Education, and therefore does not touch that part of the Educational question where statesmen are called upon to retrace their steps, and where a system already to some extent in possession, and, as it might seem, in successful operation, would have to be modified or changed if the full demands of justice were to be complied with. The resolutions are mainly occupied with that branch of the subject which must probably receive more immediate attention from the Legislature, and as to this it is most obviously for the advantage and interest of all those concerned in the solution of the question that the Bishops should make their views and principles known. There is nothing either in the substance of their Declaration or in the words in which it is couched to provoke the charges of arrogance and bigotry which have been so freely lavished upon them. On the contrary, it might almost seem as if the Catholic Bishops had, for the sake of peace, and to facilitate the speedy settlement of the question, shown great anxiety to meet the Government half-way—as far as such terms can be applied to what is in truth no real concession of principle—and had made a considerable reduction from the demand which they are fully and incontestably entitled to make. The second, third, and

fourth resolutions set forth in general terms the right of Catholics to perfect equality with all other persuasions in the matter of Education, "without which equality religious equality cannot be said to have any real existence." They demand Catholic secular education for Catholics, and trust that the present Government will give them a "complete system of secular education based upon religion." The fifth resolution briefly asserts the right of the Catholic people of Ireland to a Catholic University of their own.

But then follow three resolutions of which no candid person can help acknowledging that they are conceived in the most conciliatory and conceding spirit. The Bishops contemplate the difficulties which might arise—not from the justice of the case, or from anything unprecedented in the demand of a Catholic nation for a separate University of its own, but from that spirit of bigotry and intolerance which is so unfortunately still dominant among large classes of Englishmen—as to the establishment and endowment of a separate Catholic University, and therefore declare themselves willing, if certain conditions involving the Catholic principles of education are fulfilled, to accept the alternative plan of a distinct Catholic College in a National University composed of institutions belonging to different religions. The conditions on which they insist do not need discussion here, nor do those conditions constitute that part of the Declaration before us which has excited the ebullition of what we trust will prove to be very impotent spleen, to which we are drawing attention. The proposal, however, is in itself of the highest significance, and the fact that it has been solemnly and unanimously made by the Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland is a proof, if any were needed, that although "mixed" Colleges and "mixed" schools are on principle objectionable in the eyes of the Church, the idea of a "mixed" University, in a sense which leaves the teaching to separate Colleges, giving each denomination a fair share in the governing body and its just rights in the matter of examinations, is not considered to be fraught with intolerable danger in Ireland any more than in other parts of the Catholic world. Indeed, when we consider

that such institutions are already in full work elsewhere within the dominions of the Queen, it becomes far more natural a matter of surprise that this Declaration of the Irish Bishops should be received with clamour and obloquy, than that they should have thought that the time had come for them to make it. And yet the causes of all this outcry are not very far to seek.

The truth is, that there exists at the present time in England a class of men, numerically, perhaps, not very large, but influential on account of their harmony with certain tendencies of modern thought, as well as on account of the fact that a considerable number of public writers are to be found among their ranks, who approach the question of Education in much the same partisan and bigoted spirit which breathed in the statement of Dr. Whately, that he urged on the National system of schools in Ireland with the distinct, though unavowed, object of undermining the faith of the people. These men are to a certain extent indifferent on questions of belief. Individually, most of them have but few dogmas, and the amount of positive belief on which as a class they could agree would be small indeed. They think matters of doctrine unimportant, and the social, political, and economical results of religion and virtue are, in their eyes, the most important fruits of both those great principles of action. It might have been expected that men of this stamp would be both tolerant as to the belief of others, and impartial when it happens to them to be called upon to arbitrate between the claims of rival creeds, to which they do not themselves attach peculiar importance. But tolerance is a quality which, in its noblest and only real form, requires a firm and loving grasp of supernatural truth, and impartiality can only be fully exercised by those whose own convictions are based upon divine faith. There is an old story that the Roman Senate freely admitted every foreign divinity into its Pantheon, but that when it was proposed that Jesus Christ should be enrolled among the gods and His worshippers freely sanctioned, it was thought contrary to the policy of the Empire to admit One Who claimed an

exclusive title. Either in the same spirit, or instigated by a secret though powerful hatred against Catholicism, which is the fruit of an uneasy conscience and of an instinctive feeling that this one religion differs from all others in power and in authority, the men of whom we speak can never make up their minds to be tolerant or fair in their treatment of the Church. Their enmity is one of her incommunicable privileges—incommunicable, at least, in its full extent, for they hate dogma and revelation as such, and thus they turn savagely upon whatever wears the semblance of dogmatic teaching and supernatural authority in however fragmentary and partial a form among sects outside the pale of Catholicism. They laugh at the respectable and narrow-minded bigotry of the sincere Protestants of the school represented by Mr. Newdegate, but they are in reality equally narrow-minded, equally fierce in their bigotry, and, at the same time, less respectable, because less consistent. Their own principles do not justify their conduct. According to their theory, the State ought to be of no religion, but should give full play to all, at least where they do not teach anything contrary to reason, morality, and the general interests of the community. But in practice they immensely exaggerate the rights of the State over its members, and, instead of making it indifferent in matters of religion, they invent for it a certain cold, narrow, heartless, and official religion of its own, which consists very mainly in the negation of the supernatural. The religions which go beyond this in their positive teaching are offenders in the eyes of these philosophers—offenders, not indeed to be openly persecuted, but to be hampered, hindered, and thwarted in every possible way in their functions towards their own children. They do not wish to see the State honestly help the Catholic to be a good Catholic, the Anglican to be a good Anglican, the Presbyterian to be a good Presbyterian, as far as education can bring about that result. They wish to see Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Catholics fused into a generation of free-thinkers, not quite without religion or morality, but not caring too much for them, and to produce this result they wish to use the influence and

the resources of Legislation and Government in bribing, cajoling, or even forcing them into the acceptance of teaching which naturally leads to it.

A really mixed Education is naturally highly favoured by men of this stamp. They do not like to go the length of the exclusion of all religion from schools supported by the State. A measure of that sort looks ugly, it appears to be a profession of atheism, and it shocks every religious-minded person, of whatever denomination, in the whole community. But a mixed Education, in which a sort of neutral Christianity is attained by means of the exclusion of all points of difference, or in which the dogmas of different "persuasions" are so set forth as to be made to appear matters of comparative indifference, has great charms in their eyes, because it is, in fact, as completely their own peculiar religion as Judaism is the religion of the Jew or Catholicism the religion of the Catholic. Then, they are perfectly aware that teaching of this character has the most powerful and most direct tendency to subvert the dogmatic and supernatural principle in the minds of those who are subjected to its influence. Just as Dr. Whately, when he took up the National system in Ireland, was convinced that it would be the most powerful possible agent in corrupting the Catholic mind of the people, so these men are convinced—and not without many fatal examples to justify their conviction—that to put youths of different denominations side by side in the same College and in the same class-room is the most certain way to reduce the positive religious belief of all to a level even lower than that of the most latitudinarian denomination of all those represented in the assembly. They advocate, therefore, this mixed Education not at all on principles of true liberality. They do not wish to see the State really withdraw from all interference between rival creeds. They do not wish to see the child and the youth brought up in the faith of their parents, and helped, as far as the resources of the common country of all allow, to gain all the educational advantages that those parents have a right to ask for them without any partiality being shown in favour of a particular set of opinions. They

distinctly wish to meddle with the religious faith of all those who have a higher standard in point of dogma than their own. But they like to meddle, as Dr. Whately liked to meddle with the faith of a nation, unostentatiously, insidiously, without saying what they are at, and, on the contrary, with professions of tolerance, impartiality, and liberality on their lips. This desire seems to absorb whatever of zeal or earnestness their very small modicum of positive belief allows them to feel or exercise. No "Bird's-nesting" Protestant gloats with more delight over the poor Catholic child whom he or she has succeeded in purchasing or kidnapping—no workhouse official is more radiant when some dying Irishman is intimidated into *not* asking to see his Priest—no zealous matron in a Middlesex prison even feels a purer glow of self-satisfaction when by snubs, threats of the hardest work, and perpetual acts of petty tyranny she has got a Catholic "inmate" to accept the warmth and comforts of the Protestant service, than do these Illiberals gloat with delight and beam with joy and kindle with conscious victory when they have the happiness to see the solid attractions of exhibitions and temporal advantages of all sorts seduce some thoughtless Catholic youth or some worldly-minded Catholic parent to some well appointed school or College where the system of mixed Education reigns triumphant.

We are now in a position, at all events, to understand the outburst of furious writing which has been one of the newspaper phenomena of the present very dull season of the year. We can quite account for the indignant articles in which the favourite phrases of all who wish to abuse Catholicism or Catholics without having to give a very clear account of what they mean—the "Encyclical," the "Syllabus," "Ultramontane," the "Court of Rome," and the like—seem to have been scattered about almost at random, with a profusion that can only have been indulged in as a cloak for the very remarkable absence of all argument or reason in the columns so lavishly decorated. The State, we are told, is asked to "surrender the principles, the temper, the thoughts and aspirations, of the whole Roman Catholic youth of Ireland, to the guidance of an Ultra-

montane hierarchy"—why not say Catholic hierarchy at once?—who are to "educate the native peasantry in sectarian animosities and bitter religious enmities;" to train them—not only them, but the whole "*people of Ireland in mutual hatred and contempt*"—and why? Simply because the said Catholics "demand the opportunity of obtaining University instruction and University honours in Colleges absolutely under their own control, and from which the very air of Protestantism is excluded" (*Times*, Sept. 9). What a preposterous proposal! Catholics really do want to educate their youths on Catholic principles! They are not, as in England, a small and feeble minority, they are the bulk of a great nation, which has been iniquitously oppressed for three centuries, and towards which the Government of the empire is at length entering on a policy of justice. They ask, as to the vital matter of Higher Education, to be put on an equality with the small minority who have for those three centuries been allowed, by the powerful protection of an alien power, to insult them, ride roughshod over them, despoil them, and treat them like helots. It has been thought for the last few months, that the intelligent and educated classes in England were on the side of the Government in their determination to do tardy justice to the Catholic nation of Ireland. But the newspaper from which we quote is usually supposed to reflect in some measure the mind and feelings of educated and intelligent Englishmen. How is it, then, that we have to rub our eyes, and marvel whether we have gone back again into the middle of the seventeenth century, whether the Gladstone Government has a real existence, whether the Irish Church Bill has indeed become law or not?*

* We are happy to see that some of the more thoughtful of the Liberal newspapers have repudiated the tone adopted by the *Times*. Thus the *Spectator* (Sept. 11) begins an article on the subject with the following sentences:—"If there is one kind of popular literature which more than another has a tendency to make considerate men sick, it is the big, pompous bow-bow with which the leading journal and the following journals always greet everything which they are pleased to call Catholic aggression—those sputterings of worldly indignation which almost make Cardinal Cullen's addresses seem moderate and rational in the comparison. This is the sort of

The real answer is encouraging, and at the same time it points to a very practical conclusion. Articles like that from which we have quoted are but the howl of disappointment from the Illiberals of whom we have been speaking. The Declaration of Cardinal Cullen and his brother Prelates has thoroughly disappointed these men, and cut the ground from beneath their feet. It has

froth which takes form in an Ecclesiastical Titles' Act which the Government never care or dare to put in force, and serves only as a monument of the British taste for sputtering out wrath at the audacity of the Pope. No one who contributes to this literature contributes even an iota to the true solution of a most difficult question—how to reconcile the duties of a Sovereign State with the assumptions of a Church which is not so much an ecclesiastical body as a Polity, and which must be so by virtue of its very history and traditions. What is the use, what, indeed, is *not* the harm, of puffing and blowing away like a bottle-nosed whale under the harpoons of a whaler, at the mere audacity of Roman Catholic assumptions, when everybody knows that the Roman Catholic Church would not be the Roman Catholic Church at all if it did not make them, and that what we really need is a sober consideration of the duty of the State in relation to them, so as to instruct people what they should firmly resist, and what they should equitably concede." The *Saturday Review* has some remarks to the same effect (Sept. 11, p. 340). On the point of the scheme for the settlement of the University question on which we are remarking, the writer says (p. 341):—"In what the Bishops say about University Education there is much which is extremely fair. Though they insist on the clear right of the people of Ireland to the possession of a Catholic University, they do not make the recognition of this right an indispensable condition to the settlement of the question. They are willing to accept a National University for examining candidates and conferring degrees, on the understanding that there shall be a distinct Catholic College affiliated thereto, that University honours and emoluments shall be accessible to Catholics and Protestants alike, and that in order to guarantee the University arrangements against anti-Catholic influences, the Catholic element shall be adequately represented in the senate. There is certainly nothing visibly unreasonable in these stipulations. They are compatible with more than one of the schemes which have been suggested for the reconstruction of Trinity College, and they are certainly far more liberal than the system now in operation at Oxford and Cambridge. Supposing the University of Dublin, or the Queen's University, reorganised on the plan suggested by the Bishops, University degrees and University prizes would be open to all comers, while the details of the University examinations would be settled by the board appointed by a senate in which all religions were fairly represented. It is the fashion to say that to sanction such a state of things as this would be to make the State the bond slave of the Church. If so, we can only say that the State must be in a far worse plight in England than we have been accustomed to think. Even if the Irish Bishops get their own terms, educational theorists in this country might still sigh for liberty as in Ireland." We are sorry to say that we cannot place the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the same category with the *Spectator* and the

disappointed them, not on account of its "arrogance," its distinctness of exorbitant demands, its "Ultramontanism," its bitterness of sectarian hatred, or anything of the sort. It has disappointed them by its moderation, by the concessions to which it points, by the readiness which it evinces, on the part of the Catholic Hierarchy, to help and meet half-way the Government, which has "already given

Saturday Review. Its article on "Roman Catholic Pretensions" (Sept. 11) has not quite so much of the "bottle-nosed whale" about it, it is not so pompous, so vulgar, so blatant, so utterly without attempt at reasoning, as those in the *Times*, but it is a miserable instance of the amount of ignorance and prejudice as to Catholic matters which still prevails among intelligent men in England. "The position of the Roman Catholic Church may be shortly described by saying that these Clergy claim moral and religious sovereignty over the whole human race. . . . It would be a wicked thing to fasten upon the necks of one-third of the United Kingdom for an indefinite time the yoke of a Priesthood whom the other two-thirds believe to be false prophets in the strongest sense of the word, and who are and ought to be absolutely dependent for such influence as they may have on the voluntary consent of the laity." "In point of fact, we all know that their power is derived not from the consent of the laity, but from the prevalence among them of pernicious superstitions, which enable the Clergy to rule them." "It is probable enough that the view which Cardinal Cullen puts forward as to the proper relation of the Clergy to education is the view of the body to which he belongs—that is to say, it is the view of the Roman Catholic Clergy generally—but that it is the view of the Irish Roman Catholics generally is quite a different proposition." These sentences appear to us to breathe the spirit of the fiercest and most ignorant bigotry. In the days of persecution that spirit showed itself in *priest-hunting*. Now it tries to work out its object by setting the laity against the Clergy, and we commend the article, in consequence, to the special attention of Irish Catholic laymen. For the rest, we can only find space for two simple remarks which we address in all seriousness to the sincerely earnest writers in the two first papers quoted in this note. The first is that it is highly invidious to represent the Education question in Ireland as a Clerical question. It has lately been pointed out that in the Catholic University there is a far larger proportion of lay teachers than in Trinity College, and we believe the Catholic laity, when their comparative social standing is considered, are far more eager on the point of sound education than the Protestant laity. But education is one of those subjects which fall naturally into the hands of the class which circumstances happen to place at the head of all movements for national improvement, and this class in Ireland, from circumstances which no one is ignorant of, is mainly Clerical. Our other remark is that we notice, running through much of what we read in these papers upon the present subject, an idea, not always plainly expressed, but clearly existing, that Catholics wish for something more than equality with their Protestant fellow-countrymen in the matter of University Education. We are not called on to prove negatives, but we should be glad to know what it is in our demands which is supposed to go beyond equality. When we are told what is meant we shall hope to be able to give an answer to the charge.

good earnest," as is said, "of its intention to legislate for Ireland in accordance with the wishes of its people," and so by the present prospect which it opens, that this important question of University Education may speedily be settled by the establishment of a system very different indeed from that which is so dear to the Illiberals. A National University, composed of Colleges of the various denominations, with perfect freedom of teaching, perfect equality as to government, distinctions, examinations, and other kindred matters, is not, indeed, all that a Catholic nation has a right to. It is not what the Protestants of England consider as their right, though the proportion of Anglicans to the whole population of this country is less than that of Catholics to the whole population of Ireland. It is something second-best, something which befits a country which has no single predominant faith, something which falls short of the just rights of the Catholic Church on soil which is her own by the tenure of unbroken ages, by the loyalty and devotion of generation after generation, proved alike in prosperity and persecution, and by the blood of a million martyrs. But such an institution can give to the youth of Ireland an education untainted by elements destructive of faith and morality, and therefore it can be accepted by those who, under Providence, are the guardians of both. If it can be accepted by them it is very likely to be offered to them—not by those who have set their heart on a fresh attempt to make young Irishmen bad and indifferent Catholics, by throwing open to them Trinity College, Dublin, with its air reeking of "ascendancy," and a system of education in which all distinctive religious doctrines will be softened down or explained away—but by those responsible servants of the Crown and the country who are really disposed to "legislate for Ireland in accordance with the wishes of its people." And thus the best chance for the success of the designs of the Illiberals will be swept away. *Habent!* the blow has told. No wonder they writhe, and shout, and bluster, and foam at the mouth; for their pet little scheme of making Trinity College, Dublin, a nursery for half-and-half Catholics, with an "enlightened" horror of

Ultramontanism, and clerical domination, and extravagance in devotion, and popular superstition, has received a stab which to its delicate puny life is too likely to be fatal.

We have lately had occasion to remark that the advantages of a sound University Education belong to that class of blessings which must be known before they can be fully appreciated, and the desire and longing for which cannot be expected to be loudly manifested by classes which have long been deprived of them. And yet the costly support which the Irish people have afforded to their own creation, the Catholic University, is a proof that this want is felt among them to a degree far greater than might have been expected under the circumstances. Whenever some such arrangement as that shadowed out in the Declaration now before us shall be produced as a substantive measure by the Government, or rather, even before its actual production, the time will have come for the Irish people to manifest in a way which no one may be able to mistake how perfectly their wishes agree with the views expressed by their Pastors. We need not dwell on the reasons from which it has come about—as we believe is the case—that the habit of expressing popular feeling, by petition and otherwise, on measures which are likely to be discussed by the Legislature, is less familiar to the Irish people than to the inhabitants of the other two kingdoms. The reasons are probably to be found in that unhappy want of confidence in their rulers for which no one denies that the Irish have had full cause. Now, however, on questions on which the expression of their wishes will be looked to as of special importance, the time has arrived when the exercise of their constitutional right becomes necessary and obvious. The opponents of Catholic Education are active and vigilant, and they will be certain to make the most of any chance adhesions which may be secured up and down in Catholic society to the plan which has been proposed of throwing open Trinity College, instead of making it, with other Colleges, a part of a National University. It is well, therefore, that the mind of the nation should be manifested without any ambiguity, and we have not the slightest doubt that when once that mind has been made clear, all

opposition to a measure of which it heartily approves will melt into nothingness. No delusion is more likely to serve the purposes of the Illiberals than that which is so sedulously fostered by certain writers in this country—we mean the delusion that the Bishops and Clergy of Ireland do not fairly represent the ideas of the people at large, as whose natural leaders, even on subjects outside the strict pale of religion, they have been so long forced to act. No shadow of an argument should be left to those who are so anxious to persuade themselves and the world at large that the laity of Ireland are more willing than their Pastors to accept of that mixed Education, which is not only so dangerous to sound Catholic principle, but which is objected to as un-Christian by the great majority of thoughtful persons among Anglicans, Presbyterians, and the most influential Dissenting communities. It has, in truth, few honest advocates, except those who believe very little themselves and think that they are bound to save everyone else from the great misfortune of believing more.

The Autumn of Life.

FLING down the faded blossoms of the Spring,
 Nor clasp the roses with regretful hand ;
 The joy of summer is a vanished thing ;
 Let it depart, and learn to understand
 The gladness of great calm—the Autumn rest,
 The Peace, of human joys the latest and the best.

Ah, I remember how in early days
 The primrose and the wind-flower grew beside
 My tangled forest-paths, whose devious ways
 Filled me with joy of mysteries untried,
 And terror that was more than half delight,
 And sense of budding life, and longings infinite.

And I remember how in Life's hot noon
 Around my path the lavish roses shed
 Colour and fragrance, and the air of June
 Breathed rapture—now those summer days are fled,
 Days of sweet peril, when the serpent lay
 Lurking at every turn of life's enchanted way.

The light of Spring, the Summer glow, are o'er,
And I rejoice in knowing that for me
The woodbine and the roses bloom no more,
The tender green is gone from field and tree ;
Brown barren sprays stand clear against the blue,
And leaves fall fast, and let the truthful sunlight through.

For me the hooded herbs of Autumn grow,
Square-stemmed and sober tinted ; mint and sage,
Horehound and balm—such plants as healers know.
And the decline of life's long pilgrimage
Is soft and sweet with marjoram and thyme,
Bright with pure evening dew, not serpent's glittering slime.

And round my path the aromatic air
Breathes health and perfume, and the turfy ground
Is soft for weary feet, and smooth and fair
With little thornless blossoms that abound
In safe dry places, where the mountain side
Lies to the setting sun, and no ill beast can hide.

What is there to regret ? Why should I mourn
To leave the forest and the marsh behind,
Or towards the rank low meadows sadly turn ?
Since here another loveliness I find,
Safer and not less beautiful—and blest
With glimpses, faint and far, of the long wished-for Rest.

Is it an evil to be drawing near
The time when I shall know as I am known,
Is it an evil that the sky grows clear,
That sunset light upon my path is thrown,
That truth grows fairer, that temptations cease,
And that I see, afar, a path that leads to peace ?

Is it not joy to feel the lapsing years
Calm down one's spirit ? As at eventide
After long storm the far horizon clears,
The sky shines golden and the stars subside ;
Stern outlines soften in the sunlit air,
And still as day declines, the restful earth grows fair.

And so I drop the roses from my hand,
And let the thorn-pricks heal, and take my way,
Down hill, across a fair and peaceful land
Lapt in the golden calm of dying day ;
Glad that the night is near, and glad to know
That rough or smooth the way, I have not far to go.

SALVIA.

The Earth's Magnetism.

NEARLY half a century ago Arago remarked that "nothing in the vast domain of terrestrial physics is more obscure or more uncertain than the causes which everywhere occasion the variation of the earth's magnetism. The magnificent discoveries," he added, "which have been made in recent times on the connection of heat and electricity with magnetism have scarcely taught us anything respecting the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism." But even as he wrote, the records of recent observations—amongst others the valuable series of observations he had himself made—were being successfully scrutinised; Colonel Sabine was coordinating the magnetic phenomena witnessed in various parts of the earth; Gauss was investigating the mathematical problems associated with the subject; and Father Secchi, of the Collegio Romano, was pursuing his unrivalled series of researches into the laws which regulate the diurnal and annual variations of the magnetic needle. Under the labours of these eminent men, and others who have been associated with them, terrestrial magnetism has taken its place as one of the most interesting and suggestive of all the subjects which scientific men have as yet taken in hand. The phenomena it presents have been shown to be not merely striking and significant, but to be characterised by the peculiarity of their relations to time and space, the changes going on occupying not days or weeks, but decades and centuries for their full development, while they form part of a systematic process of variation whose field of action is not a country or a continent, but the whole globe of the earth. We propose briefly to sketch some of the more remarkable of the phenomena which terrestrial magnetism presents to our contemplation.

If a magnetised needle be suspended in the ordinary manner—that is with freedom to play in a horizontal plane—the first peculiarity which strikes us in its behaviour is that it does not point to the true north. In this country, and in fact in all parts of Western Europe, there is a well-marked deviation towards the west. In other regions the westerly deviation is different

in amount ; in some places there is no deviation ; and over a large part of the earth's surface the deviation is easterly. This peculiarity of the magnetic compass is called by sailors, the *variation* ; but for very sufficient reasons, scientific men are not satisfied with this term, and therefore in all scientific treatises the deviation of the magnet from the north point is called the *declination*. Now if any one were to voyage over every part of the earth's surface, observing and recording the magnetic declination wherever he went, and if he were then to map them down upon a Mercator's chart of the earth, he would find that amidst many irregularities there would be certain very well-marked features of coordination. Joining together all those stations where a particular westerly or easterly declination was observed, he would find that the lines thus drawn formed a sort of meridional system, which converges towards two nearly opposite points on the earth's surface, corresponding in a sense to the poles which are the points of convergence of the ordinary meridians. And he would find that these two magnetic poles lie not very far from the arctic and antarctic circles ; in other words, that the axis joining the magnetic poles would be inclined some twenty-three degrees to the earth's polar axis. *

In recording the discovery of this significant fact, it happens singularly enough that we come upon the first hint of another and yet more striking phenomenon. We have seen what is the variation in the needle's direction as we travel from place to place ; let us now consider the variation which appears when we compare epoch with epoch. Christopher Columbus during his first voyage across the Atlantic noticed that, as he proceeded farther and farther westward, the magnetic needle gradually changed its direction. It had been pointing towards the east when he left Europe. On the 13th of September, 1492, when he was six hundred miles to the west of the Isle of Ferro, he noticed that the needle was pointing much less considerably towards the east ; and watching it from that time forward he saw it pass to the north and thence to the west of north. This was the first discovery of the change in the direction of the needle as we pass from one part of the globe to the other. But observe—the needle was pointing towards the *east* in Europe in those days. We have mentioned above that the needle now points many degrees to the *west* of north. Thus there has been a remarkable change in the interval.

Let us pause for a moment to consider the significance of such a change. Terrestrial magnetism may be looked upon as a

force due to the combined action of every particle of the earth's mass. The needle's deviation from the north point may be held to be significant of some peculiarity in the distribution of these particles. We would not be understood as saying that such a peculiarity is the true explanation of the phenomenon, but merely that it is the explanation which most naturally suggests itself. A marked change, then, in the needle's direction from epoch to epoch, seems to indicate a complete change in the distribution of the particles which form the earth's mass. "How is it," we may ask with Arago, "that the directive action of the globe, which is evidently the resultant of the action of the molecules of which the earth is composed, can be thus variable, while the number, position, and temperature of these molecules, and, as far as we know, all their other physical properties remain constant?"

It may be well to examine the evidence we have respecting the mode in which this change has come about, so far at least as the magnetic compass in Western Europe is concerned. Unfortunately we have not evidence respecting the changes which have taken place elsewhere during the long interval of time we now have to deal with. The oldest records we have belong to the year 1580. At that time the magnetic needle pointed $11\frac{1}{4}$ degrees towards the east in London, and $11\frac{1}{2}$ degrees towards the east in Paris. In London the declination had changed to 6 degrees in 1622, to $4\frac{1}{4}$ degrees in 1634, and in 1657 the magnetic needle pointed due north. In Paris the magnetic needle was 8 degrees to the east in 1618, and pointed due north in 1663, or six years later than in London. From this time both needles travelled westwards, the London needle with a start of about 1 degree. In 1720 the London needle already pointed farther west than it had pointed towards the east in 1580, the Paris needle being about a degree and a half behind. In 1805 the London needle pointed $24\frac{1}{4}$ towards the west, the Paris needle being now two degrees behind. In 1810 Arago commenced his watch upon the Paris needle, and he presently noticed that its westerly motion was flagging appreciably. He announced in 1814 his belief that the needle would presently cease to travel westward, and would then return towards the north. Three years later he announced definitely the fact that the return movement had commenced. But in the meantime the London needle was still travelling westward, and the observers in London were unwilling to admit that places separated by so small a distance as London and Paris, could exhibit so

remarkable a difference. Accordingly Colonel Beaufoy announced his belief that some mistake had been made by Arago. But presently the London needle gave signs of having exhausted the energy of its westerly tendencies. In April, 1819, the end of the westward march came about, and from that day to this the London and Paris needles have both been steadily returning towards the north.

Some points are very worthy of notice in this matter. In the first place, the westerly sway of the Paris needle occupied nine years less than that of the London needle. The range of the former was $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, while that of the latter was $24\frac{2}{3}$ degrees. We know not what amount of faith can be placed in the old observations; but it appears highly probable that they were very rough in comparison with those made in recent times. Still there can be little doubt that the needle really pointed due north earlier in London than in Paris. In this case then there is a somewhat perplexing anomaly; for, on account of the regular manner in which the phenomena of terrestrial magnitude appear to travel westward, it was to have been expected that Paris would have had a northerly needle earlier than London. In Copenhagen, for example, the needle pointed due north earlier than either in London or in Paris. Undoubtedly, however, there are circumstances of a local character which tend considerably to modify the march of the magnetic needle. In different parts of the globe the declination of the needle is different. If we divide the world into regions of westerly needles we find a somewhat irregular outline defining the several districts. This outline which, of course, is a line of *no variation*, has attracted a large share of the attention of our men of science. But in reality its peculiarities are little worthy of the attention they have received. It is very important that seamen should know where the line of "no variation" runs, and also along what lines a given declination prevails. Thus the "Halleyan lines," as (after Halley, the first to draw them) these curves have been called, are very valuable in themselves. But the indications which scientific men have attempted to draw from them are founded on a very unsound basis. A little consideration will show that very insignificant changes or irregularities of change in the earth's magnetism would suffice to make the line of "no declination" shift about in the wildest manner. We are not, therefore, to infer from the strange looped curves with separate ovals, which are depicted in works on terrestrial magnetism, and are shown to wave to and fro across whole continents,

loops changing into ovals and ovals into loops, or both disappearing for a while to reappear in new positions, that the earth's magnetic forces are in a strange state of disturbance and turmoil. The main fact to be noticed is that, on the whole, the line of "no declination" travels westward round the earth.

At present the earth may be divided into three regions, two of westerly and one of easterly magnetic declination. The principal westerly region includes nearly the whole of Europe and of the Atlantic ocean, the whole of Africa, Arabia, Turkey in Asia, and a part of Persia, a small slice from the north-eastern part of Brazil, Greenland, Labrador, and Canada, and the western part of Australia. The smaller western division is merely an oval in the eastern part of the Asiatic continent, extending from Yakutsk to the Phillippine Islands in a north and south direction. All the remainder of the globe belongs to the division of easterly needles.

Hitherto we have been considering only the horizontal needle; but one of the most important peculiarities of the magnetised needle consists in what is termed the *dip* or *inclination*. If we suspend a non-magnetised needle by a line passing through its centre of gravity, the needle will rest in any position. But if the needle be now magnetised it will be found to be no longer thus free. If placed in a horizontal position and then suffered to seek its position of rest, the northern extremity will immediately dip downwards very sensibly. In fact, in our latitudes the needle tends more nearly to the vertical than to the horizontal position. In the southern hemisphere the opposite end of the needle dips. Hence between the two positions there must be one of horizontality. For example, suppose an observer were to set out from London, where the northern end dips, to the Cape of Good Hope, where the southern ends. As he journeyed he would find the needle gradually shifting from one position to the other. This *must* happen in two ways; but we need only concern ourselves with the observed process of change, according to which our traveller would find the northern end of the needle gradually rising as he travelled farther south. Therefore, since at the end of his journey he finds the northern end uppermost, whereas at the beginning the southern end was uppermost, it follows that at some part of his journey the two ends were exactly on the same level. Supposing he noted the place where this happened, on a map, he would have determined one point on the "line of no inclination." Now imagine a number of travellers setting out from all places in the latitude of London to

all places in the latitude of Cape Town, and that each recorded the place where the magnetised needle was horizontal. Then a line drawn through all these spots would be the "line of no inclination." It would surround the earth's equatorial regions, but would not be coincident with the equator. It has been found in fact that at present the line of no inclination lies to the south of the equator from about east longitude 6° round (toward the west) to about west longitude 150° , or through less than a complete semicircle, the remainder of the curve lying north of the equator. Then, again, if observers set out northwards from the latitude of London, or southwards from the latitude of Cape Town, they would find the inclination of the needle increasing. And if it were possible to search over the whole of the arctic and antarctic regions they would find two points, one in each region, where the magnetised needle would hang in an absolutely vertical position.

As a matter of fact, only one of these points has been actually determined, the difficulties which have attended antarctic voyaging having hitherto prevented our navigators from attaining the southern magnetic pole. To Captain Sir James C. Ross science owes the discovery of the northern pole, and the closest approach which has yet been made towards the neighbourhood of the southern pole. The northern magnetic pole lies (or perhaps we should rather say, *lay* at the time of Ross's arctic voyage) in 70° N. lat. and 117° W. long.; that is, to the north of the American continent, near the Gulf of Boothia. The southern seems to lie nearer the true pole, and the position assigned to it by Ross, from a careful examination of all the indications observed when he was nearest to it, lay in S. lat. 75° , and E. long. 154° .

It is customary in works on popular science to refer to the northern pole as though it were a fixed point; but there cannot be the least doubt that it changes its position. It would not be easy, of course, to watch the process of change, the pole being always so difficult of approach. But the mere fact that the dip of the needle is continually changing in every part of the earth, proves incontestably that the magnetic poles must be continually shifting. In London, for instance, the dip has been subject to a continual process of diminution from the period of the earliest recorded observation; and since the magnitude of the dip is a measure of the proximity of the magnetic pole, it follows that, during all that period, this pole has been receding from London. The same is true for Paris, where the series

of observations covers a yet larger period. In 1671, near which epoch it will be remembered the Paris needle pointed due north, the dip of the needle was fully 75° . A hundred years later it had diminished by two degrees and a half. At present it is about 66° . The inclination has diminished in London from 72° in 1786 to 70° in 1804, and thence to 68° at the present time.

Now it is not very difficult to form a general notion of the processes of change by which both the inclination and direction of the needle have been caused to vary in the manner indicated above. When the needle pointed due north in London or in Paris, doubtless the northern magnetic pole lay pretty nearly due north. I say, "pretty nearly," because we know that the directive powers of the needle are largely influenced by local peculiarities, and therefore the exact direction of the magnetic pole is not indicated by the needle. Now, lying due north of London and not coinciding with the true pole of the earth, the magnetic pole might either have been between London and the pole of the earth, or beyond the latter point. How are we to tell which of these positions was actually held by the magnetic pole in those days? Very easily. If the magnetic pole were between London and the pole of the earth, that pole was at its nearest to London; the inclination was therefore at its maximum, and would thenceforth diminish. On the other hand, if the magnetic pole were beyond the pole of the earth the reverse would take place. We have seen that the inclination did actually diminish from the year 1671, and has been diminishing ever since. It follows, therefore, that the magnetic pole was between London and the pole of the earth at some epoch in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

We can also determine in what direction the pole moved away from this position. For the declination was easterly before that epoch, and westerly afterwards. Hence the pole must have moved towards the west. This result is confirmed by a fact which modern researches have established; the fact, namely, that the line of no inclination is shifting round from east to west. We may conceive, then, of the earth's magnetism as having a certain axial direction. The axis thus indicated passes through the earth's centre (we may assume) and is inclined some 23° to the earth's polar axis. Further the magnetic axis rotates around the polar axis, so as to trace out the surface of a gigantic double cone, having for its axis the polar axis of the earth. Can we form any estimate of the period of a complete revolution of the magnetic axis? It would scarcely be safe to attempt

this in the present state of our knowledge. The indications we have for our guidance are mixed up with many peculiarities which are due to the local action, and it is very difficult at present to say what proportionate influence must be assigned to the general terrestrial change and the peculiarities of local influence. If we judged from the Paris needle, we should ascribe a period of about six hundred years; if from the London needle, the period would seem to be some thirty years longer. One other peculiarity affecting the magnetism of the whole earth must be considered before we direct our attention to those peculiarities which mark the daily and annual behaviour of the needle in any given place—which peculiarities, however, though seemingly more minute and limited, have led to the detection of the most widely significant of all the laws which affect the magnetic needle.

The two features hitherto dealt with include in reality only one relation, the *declination* and *inclination* being merely circumstances of the *direction* of the needle. But having found that in a given place the needle seeks to rest in a particular direction, we are led to consider whether the energy of this tendency is measurable, whether it is constant while the place or the time of observation is changed, and, if variable, what are the laws according to which the variation progresses. The property here referred to is commonly spoken of as *magnetic intensity*. But how are we to measure a force so minute? For, though the directive power of the magnetic needle is really the representative of a very important force, yet it is itself so feeble that (as we know) the minutest resistance serves to counteract it. Although it might be possible to apply delicate contrivances for estimating the intensity in a direct manner, the plan which has been found most readily available is indirect. In place of actually determining the resistance which the magnetised needle is capable of overcoming when seeking its position of rest, the observer sets the needle vibrating; and by counting the number of vibrations taking place in a given interval of time, he is able to estimate the relative intensity of the directive force at different times or in different places. For, the greater the power, the more rapid will the vibrations be. The principle, in fact, corresponds precisely to that which has been applied to determine the varying force of gravity at different parts of the earth's surface. Thus determined, the intensity has been found to vary very appreciably in different parts of the earth. Speaking generally, it is least where the dip is least; but this law is not exact,

insomuch that the line of no dip (which is commonly called the magnetic equator), does not agree exactly with the line of least intensity (or the intensity equator). And when we leave this neighbourhood, the inexactness of the law becomes yet more apparent, insomuch that in place of finding a pole of maximum intensity near the magnetic pole, we find two intensity poles in each hemisphere, each of either pair being far removed from the magnetic pole of the corresponding hemisphere. Thus of the two northern intensity poles, one lies in Siberia, nearly at the point where the River Lena crosses the arctic circle, the other lies a few degrees to the north of Lake Superior. Of the two southern poles, one lies in Adelie Island, the other near the antarctic circle, in about 120 degrees west longitude.

Observation has not yet satisfactorily determined the laws according to which the magnetic intensity at any place varies from time to time. We owe to Father Secchi, more than to any other observer, our knowledge respecting the diurnal and annual changes of the magnetic phenomena, though indeed this is a branch of science which has been enriched by the labours of a host of eminent observers. The regular diurnal variation of the needle may be thus described:—Remembering that when a needle is suspended horizontally, the northern extremity is farthest from the sun in the day-time and nearest to the sun during the night, we may speak of the needle's diurnal motion as of an effort of the end of the needle nearest to the sun to turn towards that luminary whether, he be above or below the horizon. Now, if the mean direction of the needle were due north, it is clear that the following changes would result from this law. At noon the south end of the needle would point due south, attaining a few hours later its maximum westerly excursion. At sunset (since both ends of the needle would now be equally distant from the sun) the needle would lie "north and south" as at first. A few hours later the northern end would attain its maximum westerly excursion, at midnight it would point due north again, and a few hours later it would attain its maximum easterly excursion. Lastly when the sun was due east the needle would point due north; a few hours later the south end would attain its maximum easterly excursion, and at noon would point due south as at first.

Remembering that at Paris the magnetic meridian is crossed by the sun about three hours before noon, and again about three hours before midnight, and further, that an easterly excursion

of the south end corresponds to a westerly excursion of the north end, we see that the following observations made by Arago correspond closely to the law stated above. "At about eleven at night in Paris (and the same law holds, *mutatis mutandis*, for all places in the northern hemisphere), the north end of the needle begins to move from west to east, and having reached its greatest easterly excursion at about a quarter past eight in the morning, returns towards the west to attain its greatest westerly excursion at about a quarter past one. It then moves again to the east, and having reached its greatest easterly excursion at half past eight in the evening, returns to the west, and attains its greatest westerly excursion at about eleven, as at starting." During all these changes the needle, as seen in London or Paris, is pointing far to the west of north, because while its westerly declination is upwards of twenty degrees, its diurnal excursions never exceed a quarter of a degree.

One important conclusion may be deduced at once from the peculiarities of motion just considered. The heating effects of the sun cannot be held to be the cause of the diurnal variation. If it were, we should find the needle's motion characterised by a single excursion to either side of the mean position, because the temperature has but a single periodic change per day. We have seen that there is a double excursion, precisely as though the sun's attractive force were concerned in producing the change. And, doubtless, though gravitation is not the cause of the needle's oscillation, a form of attraction resembling gravitation is the only sort of force to which the diurnal vibration can be attributed.

We find similar evidence when we come to deal with the annual changes in the needle's directive quality. For, in place of a maximum or minimum of disturbance in summer, we find that both hemispheres exhibit the maximum of magnetic disturbance at the same season, namely in January. And this epoch, as is well known, corresponds to the period of the earth's nearest approach to the sun.

But more singular than either the diurnal or annual changes of the magnetic action, are those variations in the amount of these changes which take place in a period of several years. It had long been noticed that in certain years the diurnal oscillations are much more marked than in others; and also that during years of greatest vibratory action the irregular perturbations of the magnet are also unusually large. But we owe

to General Sabine the discovery that there is a systematic process of increase and diminution, whose full period is somewhat more than ten years. Such a phenomenon would have seemed wholly inexplicable but for the singular accident that, at the very time when the observations were being made which resulted in the discovery of the period, another series of observations on a subject apparently altogether distinct from terrestrial magnetism were preparing the way for the detection of the real significance of the periodic changes we have referred to. Schwabe, the German astronomer, had undertaken the apparently useless task of counting day by day the number of spots on the face of the sun. Continuing his labours with an energy and patience that perhaps none but a German philosopher would have been capable of, he had after many years of persistent research, discovered that the spots become more and more numerous for a time, until they attain a maximum number, after which they gradually diminish, until at length the sun's face is wholly clear of them. He found that the period of this process of change is rather more than ten years. It occurred to General Sabine to inquire whether any relation exists between the ten year period of the solar spots and the period of the same length which he had discovered in the variation of the magnet's diurnal oscillations. He found that there is. When sun-spots are most numerous, the magnetic perturbations are most violent. Some ridicule was at first excited by the promulgation of the theory that this relation is not accidental; but subsequent research has not only confirmed the hypothesis, but has brought facts to light which leave us no room to feel any longer doubtful upon the subject.

The most remarkable evidence of the intimate association which exists between terrestrial magnetism and processes of change taking place upon the solar photosphere, is that which was afforded by the occurrence of a magnetic storm of unusual violence in 1859, immediately after the appearance of an intensely bright spot of light upon the sun's surface. It happened that two well-known observers witnessed the appearance of the bright spot, and its rapid motion across the face of the sun. Had the magnetic disturbance, which occurred during the next few hours, been the sole evidence of the sun's influence, some doubt might still have remained whether the coincidence were not simply accidental. But both observers recorded the exact epoch at which the spots appeared; and on a reference to the self-recording magnetic instruments of the

Kew Observatory it was found that at that very instant the indicator had been violently jerked, so that in place of the usually waved curve a sharply indented irregularity appeared upon the record-paper. The magnetic storm which followed was characterised by some very interesting features. Telegraphic communication was interrupted in many countries; in some places telegraphic offices were even set on fire by the intensity of the electric action; a flame of fire followed the tracing pen of Bain's telegraph; auroras of unusual splendour appeared in both hemispheres; and many other signs concurred to show that the whole frame of the earth had responded in intense magnetic thrills to the action—whatever it might have been—which had caused the sudden appearance of the swiftly travelling spot of brilliant light upon the solar surface.

Such phenomena as these lead us to recognise the real significance of the earth's magnetic habitudes. In dealing with the indications of the magnetic needle, in studying the changes which take place from day to day, from year to year, and from century to century in fixed observatories, in comparing the directive powers of the compass in different localities, and in watching the processes of change affecting the general aspect of the earth's magnetic habitudes during long intervals of time, we are in reality dealing with phenomena of cosmical importance. We may, in fact, look on our earth as an outlying observatory, whence we are enabled to watch the changes of the sun's magnetic action, and to determine the laws according to which it operates. Viewed in this light, the study of terrestrial magnetism becomes one of the most interesting and important which can occupy the attention of our men of science.

The Portrait in my Uncle's Dining-room.

CHAPTER X.

THE FARM AND THE FAIR.

"ON the Sunday which followed my visit to the Pinatels, François' wife did not make her appearance at church, nor did she go to her duties at Christmas. The Pinatels were certainly by no means fervent Christians, but still the women of the family were tolerably regular in their attendance at Church. I asked the widow why her daughter-in-law did not come with her, and what she was doing at home. 'Nothing, as usual,' the woman answered. 'There she sits at the corner of the chimney, with her arms crossed and her feet in the ashes. If her petticoats happened to catch fire, I don't believe, Heaven forgive me, that she would stretch out her hand to put it out!'

"I was in the habit of visiting the different families in my parish once or twice a month, according to what I supposed to be their need of spiritual advice or consolation, and only under exceptional circumstances broke through this rule. A fortnight therefore elapsed before I went again to the Pinatels. This time I found the young woman alone. She was sitting in the sun near the door of the house, her peasant's hat overshadowing her eyes, so that she only saw me when I was within a few steps of her. She seemed disagreeably surprised, and starting up suddenly, said in Provençal, 'There is nobody at home. They have all been out in the fields since morning.' I answered in French, 'If I am not in your way, I will sit down and rest a little while.' She had probably fancied that I knew nothing of her former position, for she blushed and seemed surprised that I did not speak to her in the dialect of the country as I did to the other members of the family. But she soon recovered her self-possession, and with the air and manner she would have had in her mother's drawing-room, she said, 'Will you do me the honour to walk into the house?' I thanked her, but declined; and we remained seated on the bench outside.

"The weather happened to be wonderfully mild for the time of year. The birds hopped joyously amongst the bushes, and the little snowdrops were beginning to peep out in the sheltered spots under the hedges. 'What a beautiful day it is!' I said to the pale, stern young creature by my side. 'I always think this bright sunshine is like a look of love—the love of a merciful God—on the works of His hand. The most deeply afflicted soul should be cheered by these benignant rays, which seem to give new life to all creation. We feel that God is our Father, and that He watches over us.' She did not answer, but looked at me in that sneering, offensive way which persons who have no religion always put on with Priests when they endeavour to suggest to them thoughts of faith, gratitude, and love of God. I had often met with this sort of contemptuous treatment at the hands of men imbued with the prejudices of philosophical intolerance, and I

had sometimes been insulted by impious boasters who glory in abusing the habit I wear, but the hostile, unfriendly manner of this young woman took me painfully by surprise. I went on to speak of the great consolations which the practice of Christian duties affords, but my words had an effect quite contrary to what I intended. They provoked an outburst I little expected, and which revealed opinions I could never have imagined to exist in a person of her age and sex. She began at once to argue, or rather to hold forth, explaining her views and calling into question the teachings, not only of the Church, but of the Holy Scriptures. I was amazed at discovering in so young a woman such false and presumptuous ideas, such obstinacy in error, and a sort of impassioned scepticism. She had a mind at once arrogant and disputatious, which was easily worked up to excitement, and a heart which nothing seemed to soften and touch. There was not an atom in her of what the world calls tenderness and sensibility, but she possessed an impetuous imagination, full of false enthusiasm. As I sat listening to her, I could perfectly understand how her unbridled passions had misled her, from one folly and one fault to another, into her present miserable position. I was young myself at that time, and had not yet learnt to fathom the fearful depths of the human conscience. I was so shocked at the state of that unhappy soul that I began silently to pray for her with all my heart, and to beseech our Blessed Lord to dispel by a miracle of grace her miserable pride. Whilst I was thus pouring forth secret supplications to the divine mercy for her, the young woman, who fancied she had humbled and silenced me, said in a light tone, 'There is an end of the argument. Let us talk of something else.' I knew that I could give her some useful advice with regard to her position and the line of conduct she would do well to follow with regard to her husband's relations, but she did not let me finish what I had to say. 'I know very well what I have to expect,' she interrupted. 'These people detest me, and nothing will ever alter their feelings towards me; and I must own, that if they hate me, I hate them just as much. We must, however, put up with one another on both sides till the widow Pinatel can pay her son the sum that is due to him from his father's inheritance. It is only thirty louis; but with that we shall be able to hire and stock a small farm, which we shall manage ourselves. My husband has been already looking out for something of the kind, and has heard of a place that would just suit us. It is a property belonging to an *émigré*, so it will be long before the owner comes back. The worst of it is that we must wait till next Michaelmas, almost a whole year. But never mind; I must have patience.' This plan appeared to me very questionable, and I ventured to observe that it would be difficult to make it answer. 'You are not used to work,' I said; 'and in spite of all your energy and goodwill, it will be hardly possible for you to accustom yourself to a life of so much labour and fatigue. Moreover, your husband will not be perhaps as much of a help to you as you fancy. He has never followed the plough or handled the spade like his brothers.' 'You may as well speak plainly,' she replied, very composedly. 'He is an idle fellow; and not only idle, but also addicted to drinking and gambling. I know his character very well. It is all his mother's fault. She has suffered him from his boyhood to haunt the fairs and markets, where he associates with horse dealers and gipsies, and all sorts of vicious and profligate people. Even since we have been married she tolerates, and even seems to approve of, his frequent absence from home. She even goes so far as to help him

to find excuses for getting away from me. When we have a farm of our own he will not be able to wander about the country. I shall manage to keep him at home then. He will leave off loitering in the public-houses; he will lead a quiet industrious life, the appointed lot of man on earth, and fulfil all the duties of a good citizen and the head of a family.'

"Christian charity compelled me to hold my tongue; but any one the least acquainted with François Pinatel must have been aware that he would never be able to earn his livelihood by agricultural labour, and that he was only capable of exertion when he had occasion to display his extraordinary strength. He had none of the qualities requisite for a farmer—patience, perseverance, shrewdness mixed with a certain amount of mistrust, and, above all, economy. He was a thick-skulled, good-hearted, merry wight, easily led astray, and subject to sudden outbursts of passion. In spite of all his defects, he had always been his mother's favourite child, and she perfectly knew his character. With great prudence she had taken care not to make over to him his share of the paternal inheritance; but, on the other hand, when this her prodigal son came home, his piece of bread and basin of soup were always forthcoming.

"It would have been vain to try and explain to the young wife the sort of tutelage her husband required, and which she would never herself be able to exercise. I therefore only begged her not to undertake anything without her mother-in-law's advice, and withdrew with the sad consciousness that I had not succeeded either in enlightening her as to the perils of her immortal soul, or even as to the questions relating to her temporal interests.

"A few days afterwards, I left St. C—, Monseigneur d'Aix having appointed me to other functions. My flock thus passed under the spiritual care of another Curé. The most disastrous days of the Revolution were then at hand; the Church was threatened with an impending schism, and the Priests who refused to adhere to the civil constitution of the clergy with persecution. During several months I went from place to place in the diocese enlightening the undecided and strengthening the courage of the weak. Towards the end of my circuit I came to S—, a small town about five miles from St. C—. It was then about the beginning of October, and nearly a year since I had left my parish. I arrived on the eve of the fair, which is one of the principal ones in that part of the country, and the occasion of a great concourse of people. It is a market as well as a fair, and on the last three days a festival. Opportunities of temptation and ruin are never wanting at gatherings like these. Gambling goes on at a frightful rate, high stakes are played for, and important affairs transacted. The kind of people who live by cheating their neighbours flock there in numbers.

"The next morning as I was coming out of the vicarage, where I lodged, I met the abbat. He was dressed in a new suit of clothes, and was going towards the site of the fair with a bustling consequential air and manner. I went up to him to inquire after his relations. He answered, 'They were all well when I came away. My mother is just the same as ever; straight as an arrow, and as active as a girl of fifteen. My wife also is pretty well, but she looks thinnish.' 'Are you here alone?' I asked. 'My eldest brother was coming with me, but he could not manage to get away,' he replied. 'You must know, M. le Curé, that my hands are pretty full of business just now. I have taken a farm of three hundred perches of land in one lot. It is no

small affair, I can tell you, to cultivate such a property as that. I have already engaged a man to drive the oxen, a shepherd, and a ploughman; and now I am going to buy a pair of oxen, a horse, and a hundred sheep. And then we must have corn to last us till the next harvest.' 'All that will cost you a good round sum,' I said. He tapped his leathern belt, making the money within it jingle, and, lowering his voice, said, 'I have seven hundred francs here, which my mother brought me in her apron just as I was coming away.' Thereupon we parted, and went our different ways. About an hour after, as I was crossing the market-place, I saw him going into a sort of *café* where well-to-do farmers, rich horse dealers, and most of those who come to the fair with well filled purses were wont to congregate. I knew that gambling went on there, and that the stakes were very high; but it never entered my mind that François Pinatel would adventure himself in such society, or be tempted to play at *vendôme*, a ruinous game of hazard. He was in the habit of keeping with the younger men, and I thought as soon as he had transacted his business he would be sure to go and wrestle with them or shoot at the target.

"In the afternoon I went into the olive groves to read my breviary, and it was late before I returned from my walk. As I was coming back into the town I met the abbat without his hat, which in the case of a peasant is a sign of the greatest agitation of mind. He was walking to and fro, heedless of the passengers, whom he elbowed without mercy. As soon as I appeared, he rushed up to me and said, 'M. le Curé, can you lend me a piece of six francs?' 'I have only one of three francs,' I replied. 'It is very much at your service; but in the first place you must tell me what has happened,' and taking him by the arm I forcibly drew him away from the crowd to a quiet spot where nobody could overhear us. He suffered himself to be led like a child, and would not answer at first any of the questions I put to him; but suddenly rousing himself, he told me, with a volley of oaths intermingled with bursts of grief, that he had lost at play every penny he possessed. It was not the time for reproaches, or for trying to move him to repentance; all I could do was to try and soften his despair. But he had one of those excitable, unreasoning natures which must give full vent to their violence before it can subside. He kept repeating over and over again, 'My mother! oh, what will my mother say! I had rather die than go home. I am not afraid of death. It is so easy to throw oneself headlong into a well.' I shuddered at the thought that if left to himself he might commit such a crime, and that neither the sense of God's justice nor the fear of eternal punishment would be sufficient to restrain him from self-destruction. In the midst of his bursts of passion he had moments of weakness, when he would sit down, and hiding his face in his hands, moan and weep like a woman. I took advantage of one of those intervals to say to him in an authoritative manner, 'Now, my dear Pinatel, there is only one thing to do. You must go back at once to St. C—, and, relying on your mother's kindness, own to her what has happened.' 'No, no,' he exclaimed; 'I will never show my face at home again. I will go away, and nobody shall ever hear of me again.' 'Get up,' I said; 'get up at once and come. I shall go with you.' By degrees his refusals became less positive, and at last he yielded and we started.

"I tried as we went along to make him feel how wanting he had hitherto been in his duties to God and to his family, and spoke of the way in which he might in future make amends for his faults. He

listened with deference to my observations, but I cannot say I had the consolation of hearing at that time from his lips one word of real repentance. He soon calmed down however, and his natural recklessness and levity got in some measure the better of his grief. Before we were half way to St. C—— he had recovered sufficient composure to enable him to give me a detailed account of the misfortune which had befallen him. 'I will tell you the real truth,' he said, with a sigh. 'I wanted to buy a gold chain for my wife. That was the cause of it all. A gold chain costs, you see, about sixty francs. When my eldest brother married he gave his wife a chain. I was vexed that I had not been able to make the same present to my wife. The fact is, that my mother would not listen to reason about it; not that she is partial to my eldest brother—God forbid I should say such an untruth—but she takes things into her head, you see. And three women in a house are just like three nuts in a bag. Now my sister-in-law is jealous of my wife because they call her in the village the fair peasant; and, on the other hand, my wife is vexed because my brother's wife shows off her gold chain on Sundays, as if on purpose to taunt her with it.' 'I do not think your wife can care about that sort of thing,' I said, in hopes of cutting short what threatened to prove a long digression. 'Oh, but I can tell you she does,' he replied, and then went on—'Well, to come back to what I was saying, I wanted to buy a gold chain, and I had only just money enough to pay for the stock and a few sacks of corn. It suddenly came into my head to try my luck at *vendôme*. I went into the *café* with a piece of six francs in my hand, but quite resolved not to risk a penny more. It was Nicholas Fidelier that held the stakes. He had a heap of gold louis in front of him. I threw in my six francs, and unfortunately won; upon which I instantly staked three louis, and lost them. This made a hole in the price of the pair of oxen. I risked three more louis, and lost again. The blood began to rush to my head. I said to myself that the next time luck was certain to turn, and I staked and lost six louis more. The whole price of the pair of oxen was gone. I threw down a louis on the board just to try once again. The banker's card was drawn, and that time I won. Somebody behind me said that now I should be sure to win, because the banker had crossed his little finger with his thumb, which was a certain sign of bad luck. This put me into spirits, and I played on without reckoning, and lost again. Seventeen louis went in that way. I could still have bought the sheep and a little corn, but I had engaged the man to take care of the oxen, and the ploughman, and so that would not do. I played on, and lost everything up to my last piece of twelve sous—up to my last farthing; and then as ill luck would have it I borrowed from Jean Paul, a neighbour of ours, four pieces of six francs, which I now owe him. You were quite right not to let me have your piece of three francs. It would have gone the way of the others. I might have known this morning that some misfortune would befall me, for as I was going out of the house I met a black dog running after a hen.'

"I exclaimed against this gross superstition, and tried to make him feel ashamed of it. But he would not give in about it, and added, 'It was just the same two years ago, when I went to Malpeire for the first time. I should have done well then to turn back again. Only think, just as I was setting out I saw a crow flying lower than the top of our hen-coop. If my poor dear mother had known it she would never have let me leave home that day. It is not that I exactly repent of my marriage. But you see, M. le Curé—I speak to you as a friend,

and I don't mind saying it to you—the peasant who marries a lady brings into his house the seven capital sins in person.' 'How can you say anything so shocking?' I said, indignantly. 'Well, if not the whole seven, four or five of them at least,' he quietly subjoined. 'Hold your tongue, unhappy man,' I said. 'It is shameful of you to talk in this manner, after misleading that young girl into marrying you.' 'I did not mislead her a bit,' he replied. 'As sure as that I must die one day, I never made up to her. The first time I went to Malpeire for the St. Lazarus, about two years ago, she was present at the games. After the wrestling-match was over there was a ball, and I was her partner. It was no doubt a great honour, but I declare I should have liked better to have been with my friends, who had agreed to sup together on a rabbit-pie. She spoke to me in a pretty smiling sort of a way, and as in duty bound I answered in the best way I could. Before we parted she said some civil things I did not at all expect. I stayed at Malpeire because she asked me, and she used to give me *rendezvous*, harmless ones, in all conscience. She stood up there on the terrace of the castle, and I down there under a tree at the entrance of the village. We looked at each other and spoke by signs. Sometimes I went under her window, and she threw down bits of ribbon. You see it was all nothing but folly and nonsense, and it never entered my head that the end would be a marriage in the church. But that was what she wanted, that headstrong girl, and she contrived to have her way about it. Well, well, perhaps her father and mother will think better of it, and may forgive her one of these days.'

CHAPTER XI.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE FAIR.

"WHEN we came near St. C——, and in sight of the house, the abbat began to tremble, and to regret that he had come. 'I cannot go in,' he exclaimed; 'I shall never have courage to go up to my mother and tell her what I have done—I had rather die.' 'Well, I will go in first,' I said, 'and break to your mother this sad news.' 'Oh, yes, M. le Curé,' he cried, greatly relieved, 'you will tell it her before everybody. You see, I am only afraid of the first moment; as soon as they all know of it I shall come in. Beg my mother to forgive me; tell her she must.' 'And your wife—your unhappy wife?' I said, reproachfully. 'Oh, as to her,' he answered, 'I am not afraid; she will forgive me fast enough.'

"We went up to the door. The abbat stayed outside. I charged him not to go away, and went in myself. All the family were seated round the table at supper. I suppose my countenance betrayed uneasiness, for as soon as the widow Pinatel saw me she exclaimed, 'O my good Lord! Has some misfortune happened? What are you come to tell me, M. le Curé?' I entreated her to be calm, and to make up her mind to submit to the will of God, for that I had indeed a painful bit of news to give her. 'It must be about François,' she cried, beginning to tremble; 'all the others are here. My boy, my poor boy! What has happened to him?' The abbat's wife came up to me, looking pale and anxious, but she did not say anything. 'What has happened to my son?' the widow exclaimed, in a voice of despair. 'You will see him in a moment,' I answered; 'he is alive and well, but something very sad has happened to him.' I then gave a brief

account of what had occurred. I added that François was deeply penitent, and that it was grief and shame which prevented him from coming in. She listened to me in silence, and then raising her eyes to Heaven, murmured, 'God be praised; I thought a worse misfortune had befallen us. I was afraid my poor boy was dead. Let him come in, M. le Curé—I won't reproach him. It was his own money, and it is very sad that he should have made such a bad use of it, but nobody has any right to quarrel with him about it.' The abbat had crept into the stable, and when he heard what his mother said he came in and threw his arms about her neck in a transport of gratitude. 'Don't be afraid, my poor boy,' she cried, with a somewhat ostentatious display of maternal affection and generosity; 'there will always be bread enough for you in your mother's house.' His brothers shook hands with the abbat, and made room for him at the table, but his wife remained aloof and did not utter a word. She was sitting in a corner of the room, with her hands on her knees and her head hanging down. He went up to her and spoke in a whisper, as if trying to appease her, but she listened in gloomy silence, without raising her head or making any answer. He renewed his entreaties, and tried gently to make her turn her face towards him. Then her fury broke out. 'Leave me alone,' she exclaimed in a loud voice, and standing up with a look of terrible anger. 'You are a wretch, unworthy of my notice. Do you suppose I am going to share the bread which, as a beggar, you will receive from your family? No. As you have not chosen to go out of this house with me I shall go away alone, and leave you on the dunghill where you were born, mean vagabond that you are.' The abbat turned pale with rage and raised his hand; she drew back with a cry. Everybody rose and rushed towards them. The widow Pinatel seized her son by the arm and held him back. I went up to the young woman, who was standing upright against the wall, looking straight before her with a fixed gaze. One of her cheeks was of a deadly white, the other crimson. 'He has struck me,' she said, with a fearful expression of countenance; and then, without listening to me, without saying a word or looking at any one, she walked out of the room, and we heard her going up the stairs and uttering terrible curses.

"Hold your tongue," cried the abbat, exasperated, 'or else I——' 'Leave her alone,' cried the widow, compelling him to sit down; 'do not put yourself in the wrong.' She began by insulting you, and you punished her. Now you must make friends and try and live peaceably together.' 'Well, we shall see about that,' he muttered; 'but, do you know, that if you, my own mother, had said such things to me, I really think I should have flown at you.'

"It was getting late, and I had to go back to S—— that same evening. The eldest Pinatel offered to accompany me, as he had business to transact the following day at the fair. Just as we were starting the widow seemed to have a presentiment. She turned to the abbat, and said, in an anxious manner, 'You ought to go and sleep at S——. Your wife is very angry, and if you speak to her again to-night something worse may happen than what took place just now.' 'Do you think I am afraid of her?' he answered, half affronted. 'I'll tell you what, mother, she shan't insult me another time as she did just now.'

"We went our way. The weather was fine, the full moon shining on our road. Before losing sight of the house I turned my eyes once more towards it, and uttered an earnest prayer for the proud and rebellious soul I had left behind me. Alas! I ought to have been

pleading for another soul, then about to appear before the judgment-seat of God !”

The Abbé Lambert sighed deeply, and again seemed reluctant to proceed with his narrative, but M. de Champaubert, in an agitated voice, implored him to finish it. Upon which, with what appeared a painful effort, he went on.

“Well,” he said, “this was what happened. On the following day, as I was going to the church, I saw some one on the high-road in the direction of St. C——, walking very fast and coming my way. This man, as he passed me, called out, ‘There was a murder last night at the Pinatels. The fair peasant has killed her husband ; I am going to Aix for the police.’”

When M. de Champaubert heard these words he hid his face in his hands and uttered a deep groan. I shuddered and turned my eyes away from the picture, as if the criminal had been really present.

“Well, she was certainly a very wicked woman,” my uncle ejaculated.

“I at once determined,” the Abbé said, “instead of going on to the church, to hasten to St. C——. Before I arrived there I met another man, who confirmed the terrible account I had heard from the messenger. ‘It is the fair peasant who has committed the crime,’ he said, ‘there is not the least doubt about it. Last evening she quarrelled with her husband. They went to bed, however, as usual, and nothing was heard in the night. But this morning, the wife of the eldest son, who had got up at day-break to bake, as she passed by their room felt her foot slipping in something, which turned out to be blood, which she then perceived to be oozing out from under the door. She screamed for help, and the two younger Pinatels, who were just going off to the vineyard, heard her. They ran upstairs, and found their brother lying murdered in his bed. It would look as if she had stabbed him in his first sleep, for he had evidently not moved. Just now, when I came away, he was still alive, but was expected every minute to breathe his last.’ ‘And that woman?’ I asked, with a shudder. ‘They don’t know where she is,’ he answered, ‘but they are gone in search of her. She must have escaped across the fields, for the door of the house was found open. But it is impossible she can escape ; the whole village are after her, bent on avenging the abbat.’ I hurried on, begging of God with all my heart to give me time to prepare that unhappy man to appear before Him. As I approached the house I heard cries and sobs, which made me afraid all was over. The room downstairs was full of people, for the Pinatels held a certain position in the village. I was told the abbat was still alive but not conscious. I made my way up the sort of ladder which served as stairs, and into a dimly-lighted room, where all the family were gathered round the abbat, who was lying in the position of a man asleep. A white sheet covered the bed, and only his face was to be seen resting against the pillow. His mother was bending over him with inexpressible grief, and kept now and again speaking to him, as if she hoped he could hear her. When I came in she exclaimed, ‘Yesterday you brought him back full of life and health, and now he is about to die ! That she-wolf murdered him in his sleep like a poor helpless lamb.’”

“‘I must try to help him,’ I said, and with a strong feeling of faith in my heart I knelt down on the opposite side of the bed. I fancied the abbat moved then and opened his eyes. The doctor arrived at that moment. He raised the sheet, and after having ascertained that

the pulse was still beating, he leaned over the dying man to listen to his almost imperceptible breathing. Then he came round to my side of the bed, and looking at me shook his head. 'Is there no hope?' I asked, in a low voice. 'Not the slightest,' he answered. 'The poor fellow has only a few minutes to live. It would have been over long ago but for the extraordinary strength of his constitution. Life does not easily withdraw from that young and vigorous frame.'

"I went close to the abbat and felt for his hand. 'My son, my dear son,' I said to him, 'if you wish God to forgive you raise up your heart to Him now. Pray with me; pray for your wife and forgive her. You have only a moment more to live, but that moment may purchase the pardon of all your sins. Do you hear me, my dear son? Are you sorry for all your sins, and do you forgive your wife in the hope that God will forgive you?'

"He made an effort to speak, but failed. I had, however, the unspeakable consolation of feeling his hand feebly grasping mine in token of assent, upon which I gave him absolution. He turned his languid eyes towards me and then towards his mother. A few moments after François Pinatel gave up his penitent and ransomed soul into the hands of his Maker.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT BECAME OF THE PICTURE.

"WHEN I returned to S—, I heard that the wretched criminal had been arrested and put into prison at Aix. It was not possible for me to visit her, for at that time none but the Priests who had taken the oath could enter the State prisons. The only thing I could do was to write her a letter, in which I said everything which Christian charity could say to excite her to contrition and to save her from despair. I had the satisfaction of ascertaining that my letter had reached her.

"In times of popular commotion and political disturbances, the law deals silently, as it were, with great criminals, and on that account the unhappy woman escaped a horrible celebrity. After lingering in prison for about a year, she appeared before the tribunals which had been substituted for the old parliamentary courts, and was tried and condemned according to the newly-enacted laws. She was sentenced to be branded by the executioner, and to imprisonment for life. I was not in France at that moment, the violence of the persecution had compelled me to take refuge in the States of the Church, and by the time I heard of her sentence, she had already undergone a part of it. When I returned from exile, the whole affair was nearly forgotten. I only learned that the fair peasant, as she was still called, was in the penitentiary of Embrun, and that the widow Pinatel had died, of grief as it was supposed, because the judges had not sentenced her daughter-in-law to death."

"And since then you have heard nothing of that unhappy woman?" exclaimed M. de Champaubert.

The Abbé Lambert hesitated a little, as if he felt some scruple about giving a direct answer to that question. At last he said, "I subsequently learnt that by her sincere penitence and exemplary conduct she had earned her pardon and come out of prison. Her situation even then was very sad. She had nothing to look to but destitution and universal reprobation. Somebody, however, who knew

by what a deep and sincere repentance she had atoned for her crime, helped her to conceal her name and to obtain the means of earning a humble livelihood."

"M. le Curé," said M. de Champaubert, in an agitated manner, "I entreat you to make further inquiries about her, and to let me know the result. It is my anxious desire to secure her sufficient means to live upon, so that she may end her days in quiet."

The Abbé Lambert bowed low, and said, "I will try, M. le Marquis."

Dom Gêrusac looked at the picture, and said, "How extraordinary it is that I should have had so long under my eyes, without the least idea of it, the heroine of such a dreadful story. My dear Abbé, you ought to have told me of it."

The Abbé Lambert looked puzzled.

"That is Mdle. de Malpeire's picture," I said; "did you not recognise it, M. l'Abbé?"

He shook his head, and answered sadly, "No, indeed I did not. Even when I first saw her she had not that blooming, smiling face; she was not like that picture."

A long silence ensued; the candles were nearly burnt out, but a fresh supply of faggots threw out a blaze which lightened up the room. It had left off raining, but the wind still whistled amongst the trees and shook the outer blinds. When the clock struck twelve, M. de Champaubert got up and wished us good-night. He was to set out early on the following morning, and it was settled that we should walk with him as far as the high road. Before leaving the room, he went up to the Abbé Lambert, shook him by the hand, and emptying his purse on the corner of the chimney, he said in a low voice, "This is for your poor people, M. le Curé, and I intend every year to renew the same offering."

I did not close my eyes for some hours that night, and I do not think M. de Champaubert slept at all. Long after midnight I heard him pacing up and down his room. We were both thinking of that beautiful but guilty woman who had been his first love, and whose portrait had bewitched me thirty-five years afterwards. I could not divest myself even then of a strange interest about her. My mind kept dwelling on her tragical fate. I shuddered at her crime, but thought nevertheless that the abbat had deserved a thousand deaths for having dared to strike Mdle. de Malpeire. I ascribed the terrible vengeance she had taken to the proud spirit of her ænæstral race, which could not leave an insult unrevenged. The thought of her low-born spouse excited in me both jealousy and anger. In spite of his miserable end, I thought he had been only too happy to be her husband, and envied him his destiny. I spent the night in a feverish, restless state. The same image kept passing and repassing before my eyes, whether I opened or closed them, sometimes smiling, sometimes looking stern and mournful. I was fast asleep, however, when Dom Gêrusac called me the next morning. M. de Champaubert was soon ready, and we started. The mild rays of an autumn sun were gilding the valley, no early frosts had yet blighted the fresh green of the foliage. The chilly robin-redbreast was chirping in the hawthorn bushes, and beautiful butterflies hovered over the rosemary bushes. But above that level where the soft breezes of the south were blowing from the coasts of the Mediterranean rose the crests of the mountains, already covered with their snowy mantles.

Before we reached the high road, M. de Champaubert turned round

and gave a last look at the surrounding landscape. He gazed on the two lofty peaks separated by a deep chasm which crowned the southern side of the nearest mountain, and murmured with a deep sigh, "There is the Pass of Malpeire." A few minutes afterwards we arrived at the spot where his carriages were waiting. He shook hands with me in a very cordial manner, and then turning to my uncle, said with much feeling, "Now that we have met again, my dear old friend. I find it hard to part with you."

"And yet we have had a melancholy time of it," murmured my poor dear uncle, "and all along of that horrid portrait."

The two friends embraced. The Marquis sprang into his carriage, and stretching his head out of the window, made us a last sign of farewell. We soon lost sight of the carriage in the midst of a cloud of dust, but stood awhile on the roadside watching the white speck vanishing in the distance.

The first thing Dom Gêrusac did when he came home was to send for Babelou, and to desire her to carry up to the lumber-room the object of my romantic worship. When she had left the room with it, he turned to me and said, "The sight of that dreadful woman would have disturbed my digestion; I should always have been thinking at dinner of her horrid adventures. And after all, that portrait is a wretched daub. I am sorry to say so, for Champaubert's sake, but really the arm is quite out of proportion, and the little finger of the right hand very badly drawn. In short, it is a wretched performance, and I was very foolish ever to hang it up over my chimney-piece."

I did not remonstrate against this verdict, nor would I ask my uncle to make me a present of the picture he held so cheap, and which I so highly prized. I should have been afraid of exposing my folly if I had ventured to express a wish to possess it, but I resolved to steal the despised treasure, and to carry it off with me. There was no time to lose, for my holidays were almost over. I was to go back to college on the next day but one. I did not apprehend any great difficulty in the matter. I had only to make my way into the lumber-room, which was in a corner of the attic, to bring away the picture, and to intrust it to some boy, who for an adequate consideration would undertake to carry it to the place where I always met the diligence.

Before going in search of this accomplice, without whom I could not carry out my scheme, I insidiously questioned Babelou. "How did you manage, my dear," I said, "to get that heavy picture upstairs? It must have been difficult to find room for it in the attic?"

"Oh, I just poked it behind the door," she answered; "I had something better to do, I promise you, than to hunt out a place for it amidst all the old rubbish upstairs."

"Does my uncle keep his odds and ends under lock and key?" I asked, trying to put on an appearance of indifference.

"He thinks he does," she replied with a shrug; "but as we are always going in and out for one thing or another, the key generally remains hanging by the side of the door."

I went away, satisfied with this information, and spent almost all the day wandering about with a gun in my hand, by way of shooting, but really to try and find in the neighbourhood a youth capable of executing my orders. At last I met a young scamp who for a five-franc piece I gave him, engaged to do my bidding and hold his tongue. I desired him to come that evening, and station himself at the bottom of the alley between eleven and twelve o'clock at night.

He was to bring with him two wicker trussles, between which I intended the beloved picture to travel. I fully meant always to keep it with me. When all this was arranged, I came in and prepared to perform my part in the plot.

It was getting late. The light was waning, and a melancholy silence reigned in the house. There was nobody in the drawing-room, only the dogs sleeping in the arm-chairs. I thought my uncle was in the library, hard at work over his books, and Babelou in the kitchen. The moment seemed particularly favourable. I went upstairs with flushed cheeks and a beating heart, like a man engaged in a desperate adventure. The lumber-room was, as I said before, on the third story. Just as I arrived at the top of the stairs I met Dom Gêrusac, with his reading-lamp in his hand, and his spectacles pushed back on his forehead. He looked quite grieved and dismayed.

"Poor Marion," he said, "is as ill as possible; the Abbé Lambert has just given her the last sacraments. She may die at any moment."

My heart sank within me, more, I am ashamed to say, at the failure of my own plans than at the news about Marion. Her room was next to the one where the picture was, and the present state of things made it impossible to remove it without attracting notice from those who were assembled round her bed. My uncle, who was truly grieved about his old servant, took my arm to go downstairs. We found Babelou crying in the entrance-hall.

"Poor Marion," she said, wiping her eyes with her apron, "was too courageous. I am sure she was very ill yesterday, but she would rather have died in the kitchen than go to bed before the dinner was cooked. And yet she knew very well that she was dangerously ill. Whilst I was waiting at table, she told Gothou to send immediately for M. le Curé. It was for her that he came last night in all that pouring rain. To cheer her up this morning, I showed her the two gold pieces which M. le Marquis had given us. She then said she felt much better, but it did not last long, and now she is dying!"

We went into the drawing-room, and half an hour afterwards the Abbé Lambert came in and told us all was over. Marion's all but sudden death was one of those events which throw a bachelor's household into sad confusion. My poor uncle was quite distressed, and kept repeating, "She was a very faithful creature. During the twelve years she lived with me I never had occasion to find the least fault with her. I shall find it no easy matter to replace so good a servant."

I was occupied meanwhile in considering whether it would be possible to carry off Mdlle. de Malpeire before the next morning. Suddenly my uncle said, "I wonder who are the heirs of that poor woman? A year's wages were owing to her, and she had put by a little money, I think. If she has any relatives it must go to them. I must make inquiries."

The Abbé shook his head; he was writing a memorandum for the Registrar. When he had finished it he handed over the paper to my uncle, who was sitting on the opposite side of the table. I saw Dom Gêrusac start, and throw up his hands and eyes with a gesture of profound astonishment. Almost unconsciously I approached, and looking over his shoulder, glanced at the paper and read—"To-day, October 12, 18—, died at St. Pierre de Corbie, Madeleine Marie de Malpeire, widow of François Pinatel."

"Marion! Marion was Mdlle. de Malpeire!" I almost shrieked out the words. The Abbé Lambert and my uncle were both leaning

against the table with their hands clasped together ; I think they were praying. Babelou was sobbing behind the door.

I went and sat down at the corner of the chimney with my head resting on my hands. I did not move or speak the whole evening, and at about twelve o'clock went to my room. Soon afterwards I heard some one under my windows, calling to me in a suppressed voice. It was my accomplice, who, tired of waiting in the alley, was come to remind me of our appointment.

"I say, Monsieur Frederic," he said, standing on tip-toe, "I am come to fetch the picture. Could not you hand it down to me through the window?"

"I have not got it and I don't want it," I angrily cried ; "go along with you."

Fifteen years afterwards, after the death of Dom Gérusac, who had made me his executor and residuary legatee, I found Mdlle. de Malpeire in the same place where Babelou had put her. The mice had done some mischief to the painting, and the little finger which my poor dear uncle had found so much fault with had disappeared. I had it cleaned and repaired, and it now figures in a very respectable manner in my portrait-gallery.

"Ales Diei Puntius."

HARK to that voice ! Methinks I recognise
 Accents familiar to these ears, condemned
 So long to strain at half-guessed foreign sounds.
 Say, dost thou come from those far-distant isles—
 Far distant in sad verity to me,
 Though many a magic vapour-steed each day
 Achieves the journey over land and main ?
 Art thou of Celtic or of Saxon race,
 That thus the feelings of thy soul find vent
 In language to my soul intelligible ?
 No ; but the birds and beasts of all the climes,
 Each several species to its idiom true,
 Concordant thus hold converse as they may.
 The robin, chirping on the grey tombstone
 Where rest my father's bones, might chant its hymn
 Here by the banks of this most fair Mayenne,
 Nor need interpreter with robin here ;
 There is one dialect, but one, for all
 The robins of the universe. And thou,
 Thou, too, proud-crested bird, thy crow recals
 That farm-yard monitor whose native chimes

Would chide my sloth on summer-morns of yore.
Nay, such it was that thrice reproachful smote
The tortured, wavering, noble heart of him
Who, rushing from the gaze of those meek Eyes,
Wept bitterly.

Nor deem the Muse profane,
If, 'mid her play, such solemn thoughts intrude.
Not without solemn purpose she contrasts
The peaceful uniformity of all
The races of God's creatures animate ;
All save their lord and master, him for whom
The one sole Lord and Master made them. Men,
With but a mound of earth, a stream between them,
Differ, like worlds apart, in thought and speech.
Not so the lower tribes that live and move,
For list ! the cock-crow of this quaint French town
Re-echoes faithfully the chanticleer,
That flaps his wing and crows, perchance, this hour,
Before George Kielty's door in dear Killowen.

St. Louis and the Pragmatic Sanction.

THERE is a very unfortunate indifference on the part of many English Catholics to the historical arguments by which Protestants think to subvert the claims of Rome. They are so sure of the truth of their religion, that they cannot appreciate the weight which such arguments have in the eyes of those who are still outside the Church, though they have in some degree recognised its claims as the teacher of truth. They seem to forget that, in the struggle which all have to pass through who win their way to the City of God, the balance is often so evenly cast between the working of grace and the influence of lower motives, that a feather will turn the scale, and that in such cases poor human nature clings instinctively to any broken reed which seems to weaken the position of the Church.

It is for this reason, and not for their intrinsic value, that these historical arguments are of so much importance. Just as it is the duty of every Catholic to be able to give a reason of the faith that is in him, so we believe it to be also our duty, especially at the present time, to be ready with an intelligent explanation of the various facts, real or imaginary, which are commonly thrown in our teeth. The world is prone to judge of a belief by the ability of those who hold it to defend their position, and it must be admitted that what De Maistre calls the *activité perturbatrice des sectes* too often gives them an advantage very much to be regretted over the unfortunate apathy of Catholics.

Among such arguments is the alleged independence of the Gallican Church in the middle ages. It is asserted that France never recognised Papal supremacy; that all the best of the French Kings, Charlemagne and St. Louis included, resisted the temporal jurisdiction of Rome. In

proof of this, our opponents bring forward a document which is generally known as the Pragmatic Sanction of St. Louis, and which professes to have been issued by him; and they thus pretend to adduce in support of their anti-Papal position the authority of one who has been enrolled in the list of the Saints. "If," they say, "we find a man of such eminent sanctity resisting so decidedly, and almost fiercely, the greedy encroachments of Rome, is not this, of and by itself, a sufficient refutation of the Ultramontane theory?"

But unluckily for our Protestant and Gallican friends, this conclusion is based upon a premise altogether false. The Pragmatic Sanction was never issued by St. Louis at all, but is in all probability a forgery of nearly two centuries later. In the present article we propose to adduce a few of the principal arguments by which M. Gérin proves this is the case; if they do not appear convincing to our readers, we would refer them to the very able little book from which they are drawn, where every point is discussed at length, and the various objections are carefully considered and answered.*

The Pragmatic Sanction consists of six Articles, of which only the fifth can in any way be called a direct attack on Rome. The rest might have been issued by the Holy See itself; they denounce simony, confirm to the various Prelates their proper jurisdiction, and renew the privileges granted by former Kings to churches and monasteries. The Fifth Article, which forms the *point d'appui* of the attack, runs as follows: "As to the exactions and grievous burdens of money taxes which have been imposed, or shall be imposed, upon the Church of our realm by the Court of Rome (whereby our realm has been miserably impoverished), it is our will that they should in no wise be levied or collected, except only for a reasonable, pious, and most

* We have not touched on the theory of Dumoulin, that there were two Pragmatic Sanctions issued by St. Louis, exactly identical in words, and bearing date 1228 and 1269 respectively. It is sufficiently disproved by the age of the King in 1228. He was then only thirteen years old, and the Sanction could not have proceeded from such a child, but would have been the work of his mother, Blanche of Castile. Her zealous devotion to Rome is utterly at variance with such a supposition.

urgent cause, or from inevitable necessity, and with the free consent of Us and of the Church of our realm.”*

There is no doubt whatever about the hostility of the author of this clause to the See of Rome, whose bitterest enemies could scarcely have used terms more abusive than those which are put into the mouth of St. Louis. He appears as the eager opponent of the Papacy, determined to resist its encroachments to the utmost, and to set at nought its demands. We shall presently consider whether such a supposition is consistent with his general character and his relations to the Head of the Church.

The whole document professes to bear date March, 1268—9, and to have been issued towards the end of the reign of St. Louis, about a year before he left France on his last Crusade. It is important to bear in mind this date, as it affects very considerably the question at issue.

But before we proceed to examine whether the Pragmatic Sanction is genuine, it may be as well to remind the reader that its force as an argument against Rome depends on a further condition—viz., that the imputations it contains are justified by the facts of history. Admitting for the moment that it really proceeded from the pen of St. Louis, it will only have any weight if the imposts and taxes mentioned in it had an actual existence; if not, if the King cast such bitter words against the Holy See without due cause, then our conclusion will be unfavourable to him, but not to Rome; we shall have to infer that even he could not resist the arrogant and selfish jealousy with which so many mediæval Kings regarded the Pope’s jurisdiction. This might impair the sanctity of St. Louis’ character, but would in no way affect the general question of Gallican independence. Now the whole evidence of contemporary historians goes to prove that Rome, so far from being the oppressor of the Church of France, so far from exacting these grievous tithes and tributes for her

* “Item exactiones et onera gravissima pecuniarum per Curiam Romanam Ecclesie regni nostri impositas vel imposita, quibus miserabiliter regnum nostrum depauperatum extitit, sive etiam imponendas vel imponenda, levare aut colligi nullatenus volumus, nisi duntaxat pro rationabili, piâ, et urgentissimâ causâ, vel inevitabili necessitate, et de spontaneo et expreso consensu nostro et Ecclesie regni nostri.”

own benefit, did not levy a single denier on the revenues of the French Clergy during the reign of St. Louis. Whenever she interfered, it was always with one or other of two objects—either to protect the liberties of ecclesiastics against the barons and the civil power, or to authorise the levy of a tribute by the King on the revenues of the Clergy for the purpose of the Crusades. The only burthens from which the Church suffered were those which resulted from the taxes paid into the treasury of the King; and accordingly we find the French Clergy making use more than once of the right which they possessed of appealing to Rome against any civil tax which they considered exorbitant.* Thus, in 1263, we find the Archbishops of Rheims, Sens, and Bourges appealing against a levy of one per cent. on all clerical revenues, which had been imposed by the King, but the appeal was dismissed by the Pope, and they were rebuked for their avarice. Again, in 1268, the same dioceses applied for a remission of the royal tribute, but without any better success. "The Pope spoke harshly to their messengers," says the Norman chronicle, "and sent them away without honour, and ordered them under severe penalties to pay the tithe to the King for three years."†

This is surely strangely at variance with the terms of the Pragmatic Sanction, which would represent the Clergy as protected by the King against the tyranny of Rome, whereas history shows them appealing to Rome against the tribute exacted by the King. And this contradiction is still more striking when we remember the date attributed to the Sanction. It pretends to have been issued in 1269—that is, exactly a year after the Pope had confirmed the levy on the revenues of the Clergy, the King is represented as condemning the exactions of Rome, while he himself, at that very time, was enabled by means of her interference to collect the taxes which were so necessary to him. This King, who was as good as he was wise, is represented as

* This right was given them by the Third Lateran Council in 1179.

† "Dure locutus est ad nuntios . . . absque honore remisit, decimamque dari Regi per triennium confirmavit, magnisque minis et terroribus rebelles compescuit."

issuing an almost abusive document, utterly devoid of any foundation, and that at the very time that he was reaping special advantages from the support of the power he attacked, and was so much in need of its continued protection!

But this is only one of many difficulties which the supporters of the Pragmatic Sanction have to encounter. Not only does it represent St. Louis as unjust and unwise, but it is utterly at variance with the universal testimony to his character, and to his attitude towards the Holy See. We find him zealously supporting the Clergy and upholding the ecclesiastical tribunals; and we are told that he not only permitted, but even asked for the establishment of the Inquisition in France. In 1255 he wished to resign his crown and enter a monastery, and he is said to have been on one occasion openly reproached by some woman of the people for his monastic spirit.* When he left France on his last Crusade, in 1270, the regents whom he left, with full power to nominate to benefices and to the dignities which were under his jurisdiction, were both of them ecclesiastics—Matthew of Vendôme, who was notably devoted to the Holy See, and the Bishop of Paris. Surely this would have been quite unaccountable in a King who was anxious to support the civil against the spiritual power.

In his relations to Rome, it is no exaggeration to describe him as the loved and loving subject of the Holy See, the "spoilt child" of Rome, becoming ever more and more devoted to her as he advanced in years. In 1266 the King, meditating a new Crusade, writes to ask the advice of Clement IV., who at first hesitates, by reason of the weak health of Louis and the need of his presence at home; but, on receiving a second letter, sends his consent and approbation of the enterprise. The King then proceeds to enlist himself under the banner of the Cross, and calls an assembly of his barons and lords, in which he binds himself by oath to set out in the month

* "Fi! fi! deusses-tu estre roi de France! Mont mieux fust que un autre fust roi que tu. Car tu es roi tant seulement des frères mineurs frères prêcheurs, et des prestres et des clerics."

of May three years afterwards, in accordance with the directions of the Holy See. This incident is an important one because it shews the attitude of the King towards Rome, at the very time that the Pragmatic Sanction represents him as heaping insults upon her authority and defying her power. Even from motives of worldly policy it would have been madness in him to alienate so firm a friend as Clement, and it is impossible to imagine that the chivalrous monarch would attack his friend and patron at the very time that he was wearing the cross which he had received from the Papal Legate in token of his devotion to the new Crusade.

Those who uphold the document we are discussing have perceived this weak point in their theory, and have sought to justify it by imagining a quarrel between St. Louis and Clement respecting the appointment to certain benefices. The King, they say, in spite of his deference to the Court of Rome, was fully determined to maintain his regal authority as against the Pope, and they cite a Bull of Clement in 1266 which claims the right of conferring certain dignities, and by reason of which they say that on several occasions St. Louis actually came into collision with the Holy See.

But when we come to examine into the alleged grounds of disagreement, we find that there are only two which can in any way be substantiated. These were the appointment of a Prebendary at Rheims and of an Archdeacon at Sens, and even here the difference of opinion never approached to a dispute. In the first case the Pope appointed provisionally, and withdrew his candidate at the wish of Louis without any attempt to oppose the royal prerogative; in the second the Pope had a positive right to the appointment, which the King had just asked for as a favour, though he subsequently, through some misunderstanding, seems to have claimed it as a right. We do not know the details of the story, but if any one was to blame in the matter it certainly was not the Pope. As to the Papal Bull which was mentioned above, it only claimed the nomination to offices belonging to the Roman Court, a right which

never seems to have been called in question even by Gallican theologians.

Such, then, are the grounds which are said to have induced St. Louis to throw aside all his love and veneration for the Holy See, and to have launched out into the insulting language of the Sanction. The argument is indeed weak which has to rest on such a foundation as this.

But let us suppose for an instant that St. Louis had, as a matter of principle, thought it right to assert his royal prerogative, and had felt strongly about what he had supposed to be the Papal encroachments above mentioned. Would this account for the Fifth Article, the only one, we have remarked, which is in way an attack on Rome? It is a poor compliment to St. Louis to ascribe to him a false and virulent accusation of pecuniary extortion against Rome, because, forsooth, he was jealous of his right of appointment to ecclesiastical dignities, and angry because, in one or two minor cases, his will had been opposed. If the Pragmatic Sanction were genuine, the only possible conclusion at which we could arrive would be one which would deprive the King of any right to the title of St. Louis. The utter incompatibility of such a hypothesis with his character and conduct appears still more plainly, when we read the testimony which is borne by contemporary historians to his faithful obedience to the Holy See. William of Chartres speaks of him in the following terms: "The humility and reverence which he always entertained towards the Holy Roman Church, the devotion and obedience with which he was wont to receive the Apostolic mandates and rescripts, the obedience and energy with which, like a true son of obedience, he was wont to carry them out, are best known to those who knew him most intimately. For he considered the interests of his Mother the Church as his own, and was diligent in promoting them with a zealous affection."*

* "Quam reverenter et humiliter erga sacrosanctam Romanam Ecclesiam semper habuit; quam devote et obedenter rescripta et mandata Apostolica consuetus erat suscipere; quam obedienter et efficaciter, sicut verus filius obedientiæ, adimplere, norunt illi qui ei familiarius adhærebant. Ipse enim

But St. Louis does not need the evidence of others to refute the odious imputation which Gallicanism has forced upon his memory. In his words to his son, when he lay on his dying bed, he shows a devotion to the Holy See which it would be utterly absurd to ascribe to the author of the Pragmatic Sanction: "Cher fils je t'enseigne que tu sois toujours dévoué à l'Eglise de Rome et à notre Saint Père le Pape, et lui portes honneur et respect, comme tu le dois à ton père spirituel."

The next difficulty which meets the supporters of the Pragmatic Sanction is the total absence of any testimony to its existence on the part of contemporary writers. This they attempt to explain by reminding us that all the historians of the time were Monks, and therefore anxious to conceal whatever is unfavourable to Rome. But is this a satisfactory explanation? On the contrary, the Monks of the time repeat with wonderful detail all that they think tells against the Papacy. Some of them, and notably Matthew of Paris, are quite bitter in their opposition to it, and could not possibly have passed over so important a document in their favour. And is it likely that Rome herself would have left unnoticed so vehement an attack on her rights? Whatever faults have been attributed to the Popes, no one has ever charged them with a cowardly reticence when the civil power came into conflict with them. And is it probable, is it conceivable, that they would, so soon after his death, have granted the honours of canonisation to the scurrilous author of the Sanction? The other Saints, who, one and all, were so remarkable for their devotion to the Holy See, would indeed find themselves in strange company if they reckoned in their number one who had without cause attacked and insulted the Court of Rome. Again, how is it possible that no subsequent King of France should have made use of this document in the long-continued struggles between France and the Papacy, with the enormous weight which it would

negotia matris Ecclesie plus quam propria reputans, ea totis affectibus promovere curabat." Another writer of the time ends his panegyric of the King with the words—"Per istum Ludovicum . . . vim decreta Romana habebant."

derive from the reputation of its alleged author, and his canonisation by Rome herself? That Philippe le Bel should never have quoted it against Boniface VIII.? That the unscrupulous supporters of the regal power should never have brought it forward? The only wonder is that they did not invent some similar document with the same audacity with which they concocted false Bulls and false Decrees. And lastly, how can we explain the neglect of so formidable a weapon by the Gallican Clergy, when, in the Councils of 1394, 1398, or 1406, they declared that the Popes had no right to impose any taxes upon France, except in the case of urgent necessity, of which the Church of France was alone to be the judge?

If we turn to the Pragmatic Sanction itself we shall find very much which is, to say the least, strangely suspicious. Its very name of "Sanction" implies that it is a confirmation of some previous Decree, a supposition which is contradicted by its text. The preface, which so pointedly asserts that the kingdom of France is under the protection of God alone, is distinctly opposed to the acts of St. Louis, who on several occasions expressly placed his kingdom under the protection of the Holy See. The opening words—*Ad perpetuam rei memoriam*, are never found in the other Decrees of St. Louis; the miserable pauperisation of the kingdom which is alluded to (*quibus miserabiliter regnum nostrum depauperatum extitit*), is at variance with facts, for France at that time was rich and prosperous, while many of the official terms used in the document belong to a later date.

So far we have attempted to prove the theory untenable which attributes the Pragmatic Sanction to St. Louis. We must now give our reasons for believing that it came into existence nearly two centuries after the date which it pretends to bear. The first allusion to it in history is in the answer made by Basin, Bishop of Lisieux, to Louis XI., when that King consulted him as to the conduct which he ought to observe towards the Holy See. The advice given by the Prelate was in favour of resistance to the claims of Rome, and he supported his opinion by citing the example of St. Louis, whose Decree,

he declared, had been exhibited at the Gallican Conventions of Bourges (in 1438), and Chartres (in 1450), where he had himself seen it written and signed (*écrite et scellée*). Now, in the first place, the history of this Prelate is not such as to give us very implicit confidence in his evidence. He was a versatile and crafty person, who at first was a strong partisan of Rome, but afterwards found it convenient to attach himself to Gallican liberties. And when we turn to the evidence of others we find that the general opinion was against the authenticity of the Sanction. Elie de Bourdeille, a Prelate contemporary with Basin, uses language which shows that he himself did not believe that it was from the pen of St. Louis, but was ascribed to that King by those who wished to justify the Pragmatic issued at Bourges under Charles VII.* But even supposing that Basin saw a document professing to be the work of St. Louis, it does not at all follow that profession was true. For if we consider the circumstances under which the Convention of Bourges took place, we shall see how extremely probable such a forgery was, at a time when this kind of unscrupulous manufacture was considered almost a fair weapon of self-defence. It was held in 1438, when there were two rival Popes, and when two Councils of the Church were issuing their hostile decrees at Bâle and Ferrara respectively, and when the French Bishops were naturally thrown into the arms of the temporal power by their doubts as to their rightful spiritual lord. It was at such a time that the lawyers and counsellors of the King, always hostile to the Papacy, published the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges. This document the French Church was very reluctant to receive, for fear of a breach with the Holy See, and from a dread of the further encroachments of the royal prerogative. At such a juncture the Pragmatic Sanction of St. Louis, which no one had ever heard of before, was produced

* "Quod autem idem ascribit sanctum Ludovicum fecisse Pragmaticam, per quam quidam justificare nituntur Pragmaticam per serenissimum Principem Carolum regem, prefati domini nostri Ludovici genitorem, editam, et per eundem dominum nostrum regem Ludovicum Catholice nuper abrogatam, nihil proderit eis neque prodesse potest, si attendantur singula verba ejusdem sancti, sub tenore hujus ascriptæ sibi Pragmaticæ contenta" (*Contra Pragmaticam Sanctionem Tractatus*. 1818).

to calm the scruples of the ecclesiastics, and to shut the mouths of all objectors. There is every reason to believe that it was forged by some wily lawyer with this aim and object ; indeed, a comparison of the two documents renders this almost certain. For, strange to say, the Sanction of 1269 is an exact *résumé* of that of 1438 ; precisely what was needed to give authority to it ; applicable in every particular to the state of the Church at this latter date, when all kinds of evils had crept in, but utterly inapplicable to the time of St. Louis.

And what became of this precious document, which was exhibited, written and signed, in 1438 ? After Basin no one has ever seen it. It would have been certain to have been laid up in the Trésor des Chartes, which was afterwards transferred to the archives at Paris, where we find a crowd of documents bearing on the relations of France to the Holy See in early times, but no trace of it can be discovered there except a copy which M. Gérin has lately found, written in characters of the fifteenth century !

We hope that our readers are now satisfied of the worthlessness of any argument based upon the supposed authenticity of the Pragmatic Sanction. We owe a debt of gratitude to M. Gérin for the industry and ability with which he has turned against the enemies of the Church that weapon of historical criticism which they seem to imagine is a monopoly of their own. It is most satisfactory to find among the French laity such vigorous opponents of Gallicanism as our author, the more so when we remember that his distinguished position makes him so well qualified to weigh conflicting evidence, and to pass an impartial judgment on debated questions of fact.

Origen against Celsus.

II.

If Origen, in point of doctrine, is often utterly unsafe, and, indeed, materially heretical, he is also liable to disappoint us in another way. His mind appears to have been vast and capacious, rich in ideas of its own, and quick in apprehending those of others, but this very fertility and readiness makes him frequently start a subject without pursuing it nearly to the end. He checks himself, and remarks that the question belongs not to the present time. Hence he sometimes reminds us of thinkers like Samuel Taylor Coleridge and De Quincey, prefatory and fragmentary, in whom we catch glimpses of a great system, which they seem unable to bring to the light. His opponent Celsus, a greatly inferior mind, has faults somewhat analogous. In his hostility to Christianity he never perseveres in any connected plan. At one time he personates a Jew ; now he appears to be an Epicurean ; here a bit of Stoicism peeps out, there some Platonic idea or other, perhaps thus affording a good picture of the Pagan intellect of the day, for which he was attempting to speak—learned and discursive, but not deep. Of all this the fourth book of the *Apology* affords many illustrations. It is remarkable, as bringing before us certain great questions—for example, that of creation and of the origin of evil, which in all ages will minister difficulties to minds which choose to encourage them, since they are mysteries which a child is capable of perceiving, whilst their solution transcends the loftiest human and perhaps even angelic powers. Before, however, I enter upon these, I shall first have to examine some arguments of much interest, though less connected with what may be called the metaphysics of theology.

Celsus was evidently an inaccurate man, like many Protestant controversialists of the present day, who are at little pains to understand what the Catholic Church really does teach. The first objection stated in Origen's fourth book is an example of this. Celsus had said :

Certain of the Christians and Jews say—the former that a God has descended, the latter that He will descend upon the earth, a Justifier of those who dwell here. This is most vile, and the refutation of it needs no long argument.

The vagueness of the expression—"certain of the Christians," is strange, and Origen suggests that he must have known there were some heresies which denied that Jesus was the Christ of prophecy. As to the statement that the Jews expected a God would descend on the earth, he observes that this was not what the Jews generally said. He had already remarked (Bk. i., p. 38), that Celsus was mistaken in putting a similar phrase into the mouth of a Jew, because "a Jew would not confess that a prophet had said that the Son of God would come. What they do say," he continues, "is, that the Christ of God will come; yes, and they often at once dispute with us about the Son of God, as if there were no such Son, and as if he had never been prophesied about." As to the process of the redemption of mankind by the descent of the Son of God, Celsus asked, quite in the tone of a modern sceptic—"Was it not possible for him to set things straight by divine power, without sending a Being created for the purpose?" To this Origen makes a reply so remarkable that I shall translate it in full:—

It seems that Celsus would have mankind enlightened by God's removing evil bodily and implanting virtue, and that a remedy should take place so. But another will ask whether such a process is consequent, or by nature possible? But let us say—"Be it so," and allow it to be possible. Where, then, is our freedom? and where is a disposition to the truth open to praise, and an aversion to the false open to approbation? But even were it granted that this was possible and fit, wherefore shall one not rather ask in the first instance a question analogous to that of Celsus—"Why it was not possible for God, by divine power, to have made men not even needing to be set right, but of themselves good and perfect, evil not having arisen at all?" But these ideas may carry away with them uncultivated and incapable minds, but not him who sees into the nature of things, because if you take away the voluntariness of virtue you take away also its existence.—Bk. iv., p. 163.

This argument was evidently in the mind of Butler, in more than one remarkable passage of the *Analogy*, and it appears perfectly unanswerable. A divine action upon man, of such a nature that he would be incapable of resisting it, would obviously either make him a mere machine, or else like the brute creation, a being to whom rewards and punishments were inapplicable. Nor could he possibly have that happiness which depends either on the self-approval of a free and intelligent being, or the approval of it which comes from those above it in the scale, or from the Highest. The universe shows that an inferior happiness is also abundantly imparted by God, but the higher orders cannot complain if, when their own peculiar happiness is offered them, upon conditions required by the law of their being, and the

absence of which involves absurdity, they cannot, upon rejection of it, fall back upon the lower happiness of irrational creatures.

Another objection of Celsus is one that has probably been often urged by sceptics. He asks—"Why, after so long a struggle, God thought of justifying the human race, but previously neglected it?" He meant to say that there appears no reason why the great remedy of the Incarnation should have been applied, after thousands of years, during which the divine mercy interfered not with the misery of the world. Origen deals with this objection in a characteristic manner, denying, in the first place, that God did neglect the human race in the times antecedent to the Incarnation. In every generation the wisdom of God entered into holy souls, making them friends of God and prophets, who converted others as they could. He goes on to say :—

It is no marvel that in certain generations prophets arose excelling, in the reception of divinity, because of their stronger and more energetic life, other prophets of their time, or who came before or after them; and that some occasion came when something special and singular (*ἰσχυρότερον τι χρῆμα*) sojourned among the race of men, and surpassing in comparison those who preceded or followed it. But the reasoning hereupon is somewhat mystical and deep, and what the ears of the multitude are not altogether able to take in.—Bk. iv., p. 166.

There is in this passage, as elsewhere in Origen, a tone not quite in harmony with the faith of later times, which has gained in definiteness on the subject of the Incarnation. It sounds as if he might have thought that our Lord was a prophet immensely greater than other prophets, which indeed He was, and yet such language would call forth false impressions, as not necessarily conveying all that was intended by it. On the other hand, whilst the passage shows a yet imperfect development of theology, it witnesses strongly to the existence of a secret tradition, in which what appeared the guesses of popular teaching were stated with the boldness and emphasis of days when reserve was no longer necessary. This seeming hesitation and uncertainty of expression may be illustrated by another passage, rather earlier in the book, where the first sentence might, as far as words go, be taken in a Nestorian sense :—

Whether the God of all descends with His own power, with Jesus, into human life, or whether the Word that was in the beginning with God, being also Himself God, cometh to us, He leaves not His habitation (*οὐκ ἐξέρχεται γίνεσθαι*) nor abandons His seat, so as that any place is void of Him, and another full, which had Him not before.—p. 164.

I proceed to another of Celsus' objections, which again is very

much in the spirit of modern scepticism. It is founded on the supposed incompatibility of the divine immutability with the doctrine of the Incarnation. With his usual fairness, and disposition to meet his adversary without shirking anything, Origen quotes Celsus' words as follows :—

I say nothing new, but matters long since approved. God is good, and beautiful, and happy, and in the most beautiful and excellent position. If, then, he descends among men he stands in need of change, and of change from good to bad, and from the beautiful to the ugly, and from happiness to unhappiness, and from what is most excellent to what is most vile. Who, then, would choose such a change as that? It is for the mortal to change and alter, but for the Immortal to abide in the same state and manner. God, then, could never admit this change. . . . Either, then, God really changes, as these people say, into a mortal body—the impossibility of which has been stated above—or He Himself changes not, but makes the beholders imagine so, and misleads and is false. But deceit and falsehood are otherwise evil, and may only be used by way of medicine, either on friends who are sick or insane, or on enemies, when one is considering how to escape danger. But no one sick or insane is a friend to God, nor does God fear any one, that He should escape danger by using deceit.—Bk. iv., p. 169—171.

Origen meets these difficulties by emphatically affirming the immutability of God, which is declared in well-known passages of Scripture, and he contrasts with it the changeableness of the Epicurean gods, composed of atoms, as was imagined, and therefore capable of dissolution, or of the supreme god of the Stoics, supposed corporeal, and co-extensive with universal being when their general conflagration (*ἐκπύρωσις*) takes place, but only a part of it in the process of arrangement (*διακόσμησις*). The reconciliation of the divine immutability with the Incarnation is proved by reasons, some of which would easily occur to every instructed Christian; for example, that there was no change from good to evil, because *He did no sin*; nor, again, from happiness to unhappiness, because in His humiliation He ever retained His blessedness; nor from the excellent to the vile, for goodness and love to man never could be vile. His contact with man is compared to that of the physician with wounds and disease, who might indeed be infected thereby, whilst the Divine Physician heals the wounds of our soul by the Word of God which is in Him, Himself being incapable of receiving any ill. The Word remains unchanged in its Being, suffering nothing of what is suffered by the body or the human soul. He proceeds to develop this in a singular manner:—

Condescending sometimes to him that is unable to gaze upon the splendours and brightness of Deity, He (the immortal God and Word)

becomes as it were, *flesh*, speaking corporeally, until he who receives Him in such wise, being gradually uplifted by the Word, may be able to discern also, so to call it, His preceding form. For there are, as it were, various forms of the Word, according as the Word appears to each of those that are led into science, proportionately to the habit of him that is being introduced, or is more or less advancing, or is now approaching near to virtue, or has even entered into virtue. Whence our God was not transformed, in the way Celsus and those like him will have it, and, ascending into the high mountain, He showed His own form, different from, and far excelling, that which those who remained below, and were unable to follow Him to the height, looked upon. For those below had not eyes that were able to gaze upon the transfiguration of the Word to that which was glorious and more divine; but they were scarcely able to receive Him in such a guise (as He appeared in), so that it would be said of Him by those who were unable to gaze upon His more excellent appearance: "We have seen Him, and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of Him, despised and the most abject of men" (Isa. liii. 2).—Bk. iv., p. 170.

About all this there is a vagueness which might seem to show that Origen could not have distinctly apprehended the doctrine of the Incarnation, and his efforts to convey it to the minds of those without make him continually fall into expressions which writers, not long after his time, could not have used without the note of heresy. Thus, in the passage I have quoted, he seems to regard the Transfiguration as a quasi-corporeal manifestation of the Divinity, and our Blessed Lord's appearance in the flesh generally, as an accommodation for affording mankind the vision of God, proportionately to their several states. We can better go along with him when he proceeds to contrast the lofty ideas he suggests with the Greek fable of Dionysus being deceived by the Titans and expelled from the throne of Zeus, and being torn in pieces by them and then put together again, and, as it were, restored to life and ascending into Heaven; or when he demands why the Greeks should be allowed to refer their fables to the nature of the soul, and to render them figuratively, whilst against Christians the door of consistent interpretation was to be shut, harmonising throughout with the Scriptures of the Divine Spirit influencing pure souls? There was, in fact, at the time, a great effort made by Greek philosophy to build up the old mythology as a great mystical system antagonistic to Christianity. It tried to meet the evident necessities of the age, and yet to refuse accepting the divinely-appointed supply. Perhaps it was Origen's great fault that he complied too much with the temper of the times, and sought to recommend Christianity by dressing it in the garb peculiarly adapted to please philosophic imaginations. By so doing he narrowly missed, if he did miss, the shipwreck of his own faith. As to the objection of Celsus about deceit, the

apologist contends, referring to St. Paul's rules about the weak (Rom. xiv. 2), that the Word assuredly falsifies not His own nature in becoming nutritious to each, according to his capacity to receive Him, and He deceives not nor lies. He adds distinctions between the human soul of Jesus, united with the body and capable of suffering, and the Divine Word. But it is curiously in keeping with Origen's intellectual temper that, whilst guarding against the very notion that God can deceive, he is more than half-inclined to admit the principle of what may be called the medicinal use of falsehood in certain cases, and even goes so far as to add: "The race of men which was insane needed to be healed by methods which the Word saw was useful to the insane, that they might become sane." His mind seems to have been so full of reason that it made him disposed to favour anything that had a show of reason, or for which a plausible argument presented itself. This is the unfavourable side of Origen's intellect. I confess that, on the other side, this great writer reminds me not a little of the natural genius of St. Paul. There is an impetuosity, a richness, an ardour of the heart, a burning sympathy, which seems to set the reason itself on fire, in all of which the temperament of Origen resembles that of the Doctor of the Gentiles.

I now proceed to review a discussion which occupies a considerable space in the book before us. I mean that referring to an objection of Celsus founded on the supposed presumption of Jews and Christians, or of the human race, in imagining themselves the objects of the divine system. Celsus had scornfully compared the Jews and Christians—

To a cluster of bats, or to ants coming out of their holes, or to frogs gathered about a marsh, or to worms holding a conventicle in a muddy corner, and disputing with each other which of them was the most sinful, and saying, "God foretells all things to us, and deserting the whole universe and the celestial system, and overlooking such a mass of earth, dwells among us alone, and sends embassies to us alone, and ceases not sending and seeking how we may be ever with Him . . . There is a God, and we were made after Him and by Him, in every way like God; and all things are subjected to us, earth, and water, and air, and the stars, and for our sakes are all things, and they have been stationed to do us service. . . . But now since some of us have been doing wrong, God will arrive, or will send His Son, that He may burn up the unjust, and we, the rest, may have eternal life with Him." Are these things more tolerable if said by frogs or worms than by Jews and Christians disputing with each other?—Bk. iv., p. 175.

An objection like this is to my mind a powerful argument in favour of Christianity. I do not know why, but we are perhaps

apt to think that sixteen hundred years ago there were not in this world clear, sarcastic, worldly wits, that there was no Voltaire, no Goethe, no Carlyle, no Rénan. The fact is, the civilisation of the Roman Empire must at least have afforded men of the same type, and Christianity in its cradle had to fight with them as much as now. This passage is a proof of it. Origen deals with it very simply: he asks whether Jews and Christians alone are to be compared to frogs and worms, or all mankind, because of God's pre-eminence? If the latter, does Celsus allude to bodily bulk, because if so, elephants are not superior to man for superiority in size. If he refers to vices of the soul, bad Christians and Jews are not more to be compared to a cluster of bats than bad Gentiles, were the latter as great as Demosthenes or Antiphon. But however plunged in vice a man may be, the rational being, having within him what may lead to virtue, can never fairly be compared to a worm. "These outlines and impressions of virtue allow not such a comparison to be applied to beings who are capable of virtue, and incapable of altogether losing the seeds of it." Such is the dignified rebuke of the Christian apologist to a silly argument likely to captivate only degraded minds.

But if Celsus meant to attack the *doctrines* of Jews and Christians, the comparison, Origen goes on to say, were it admitted at all, might with greater justice be urged against those who have fallen from a sound apprehension concerning God to the worship of brute creatures or of idols; and contrasts with such, in a long passage of great power and beauty, the exalted superiority of those who have attained to the knowledge of the Creator of all, who address their prayers to Him, and do and say everything under the belief that He is the witness of their deeds and the hearer of their words. "Unless perhaps," he asks, with that melancholy scorn which such an antagonist merited, "religion like this, vanquished neither by pains nor by dangers of death, nor by the *plausibilities of reason*, avails nought to those who have accepted it, that they be no longer likened unto worms, although, before such religion, they were indeed so likened." And ascending yet higher, he demands whether they by whom that sharp temptation of sensuality, which has made many a mind weak and soft as wax, has been overcome, because they were persuaded that not otherwise could they become like God, unless they ascend unto Him by purity, look like the brethren of worms, the kindred of insects or frogs? Whether the brightness of justice, guarding the rights of our neighbours, and maintaining humanity and goodness, is no protection against a comparison so unworthy? And whether

those who wallow in impurity, and even teach that it is not quite wrong to do so, are not worms in the mire, above all, when contrasted with those who have been taught not to take the members of Christ and make them the members of a harlot, and who know that the rational soul and body depending upon God, are a temple of the God they worship, and become such by a pure conception concerning the Creator, and who, taking care not to defile God's temple by unlawful indulgence, practice purity as the worship of God. As to the claim of the world's being made for us, it is not simply a Christian who can say so, but "he who, as God taught, is clean of heart, and meek, and a peace-maker, and bravely endurant of dangers for religion, such a one may reasonably have confidence in God, and understanding the word in prophecy, may say, God hath foreshown and announced all these things to us that believe."

As to the other part of the objection, that God "deserts the whole universe" for us, this is no doctrine of ours, as Origen quotes several beautiful passages from the Scripture to show; for instance, "Thou lovest all things that are, and hatest none of the things which Thou hast made" (Wisd. xi. 25). Celsus might have had in view some notions put forward by Jews, but by Christians Jesus is preached to have sojourned upon earth for sinners everywhere, that they might leave sin and intrust themselves to God. That man is not the noblest being in the universe, Christians are quite aware. "God hath stood in the congregation of gods" (Ps. lxxxi. 1); not meaning the gods of the Gentiles, who are demons, for "there be gods many and lords many," as St. Paul says, though "to us there is but one God" (1 Cor. viii. 5). The Angels are above men, and there are diverse orders of them. We are not made, as Celsus says, "*in every way* like to God." We say not the stars are subject to us, they are types of the resurrection of the just, and if all things do us service, it has been said, "He that will be first among you shall be your servant," whilst Greek poetry is admired when it tells us that—

εἶθ' ἥλιος μὲν νύξ τε δουλεύει βροτοῖς.

There are, perhaps, traces here of peculiar views of Origen, on which this is not the place to enlarge. He can hardly bring himself to notice the buffoonery (for once he calls it by this name, though in general he exercises great self-restraint as a polemical writer) with which Celsus concluded the passage before us. It is what Origen declares that he would not imitate in characterising the disputes of the Greek philosophers themselves. The gene-

rosity shown by the Christian apologist in his remarks upon this head, and the importance of them in reference to the whole subject of Pagan literature, incline me to translate them at some length, even at the risk of wearying the reader. After noticing the sort of questions agitated in the Greek schools, in what way the universe was put together, and heaven and earth came into existence; whether souls, being uncreated, are disposed of by God, and subjected to transmigrations, or whether, together with the body, they abide with it or do not abide, he goes on to observe :—

A man might, instead of speaking seriously and tolerating the intention of persons who had devoted themselves to investigate truth, say, mocking and reviling, that these people are worms in a corner of the mud of human life, not measuring themselves, and therefore declaring concerning such great matters as if they apprehended them; and that they speak positively, as if they had seen into things which cannot be seen without the inspiration of a higher and more divine power; for "as no man knoweth the things of a man but the spirit of a man that is in him, so the things also that are of God no man knoweth, but the Spirit of God" (1 Cor. ii. 10). But we are not mad, nor do we compare such great human intelligence (I use the term popularly) occupied, not about the objects which interest the many, but about the investigation of truth, to the movements of worms, or any such-like creatures; but as friends to truth, we bear witness concerning some Greek philosophers (Rom. i. 19–23), that "they knew God, because God manifested it unto them, though they glorified Him not as God, nor gave thanks, but became vain in their thoughts, and professing themselves to be wise they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things."—Bk. iv., p. 181.

I shall only remark on this extract, that whilst it shows a kind and noble spirit towards Greek philosophy, the very fact of the condescension it also exhibits, could only arise from the possession of an authoritative standard of truth to which the heathen were strangers.

O.

A Trip to the Bass Rock.

THERE are certainly few of our readers who are not well cognisant of the fact that at the entrance of the Firth of Forth—guarding it, as it were, from all invaders—stands the stupendous tower-like rock of the Bass; but as they may not be equally well acquainted with all the interest connected with this indisputable fact, and as the commonest object presents fresh character when microscopically examined, some account of it may not be unacceptable.

Seen even from the shore, which at the nearest point is full two miles distant, the shape and colouring of the Bass Rock is always beautiful, whether steeped in the delicate greys and browns of its sunshiny aspect, or frowning purple in its sullen gloom, or dimly discerned, like some threatening ghost, through the haze. The eye always seeks it with delight, and dwells upon its truncated cone with a fascination that grows and deepens with more intimate knowledge. In crossing the passage to it, about midway the same strange sensation is felt as when in the centre of the Piazza of St. Peter's at Rome, a sudden enlightenment as to the stupendous size of the rock, and an interpretation of its gradually enlarging features, by which both the eye and mind receive a sort of shock, like the falling away of scales. At this point the spectator feels ready to receive the quaint old conceit of Hector Boece, when he says that it is "ane wonderful craig risand within the sea, with so narrow and strait hals* that na schip nor boit may arrive bot allanerlie (only) at ane part of it. This craig is callet the Bass, unwinnible by engine of man. In it are coves (caves) als profitable for defence of men as (if) they were biggit be crafty industry. Everything that is in that craig is ful of admiration and wounder."† About mid-passage too develops the extensive line of fortification, which, like the Castle of St. John in the Bridal of Triermain, had hitherto been received by the eye as living rock; and the horrors of the "Covenanters' Bastille" are for the first time partially realised. As this fortification runs down to the only ledge of rock by which a landing can be effected, and carries its strong curtain-wall along the whole length of the southern and only accessible side, this fortress was one of the strongest holds in the British isles. On this account, as we

* *Hals* (neck), as the German is at this day. † Bellenden's *Boece*, vol. i.

shall presently see, it was bought by Charles II. of the Lauder family, at the then enormous price of £4,000, to be used as a State prison.

As we pass under the ruins of the fort, what is called the lesser cave, formed by a startling rift, or chasm, full one hundred feet high, surprises the eye. It is one of the divisions or rifts worked out by the sea in a vein of softer material than the trap-tuff of the rock, and is wonderfully attractive to the eye, which now also begins to take in the whole beauty of the scene. Little by little those sheer crags, four hundred and twenty feet high, beaten, channelled, pierced, lined, frayed, and torn, not only by the whole force of the German ocean and the north-eastern gales, but also by long-gone influences of fire and ice,* seem to penetrate the senses with their awful delight; and by degrees the stranger perceives that every coign and ridge of that broken and coral-like surface—stooped forward, as their historian says, like muskets armed with bayonets†—is covered with sea-fowl; that tier above tier, roll upon roll, ladder above ladder, those flaky white drifts are a living coating of the beautiful gannet and other birds, hovering and brooding over their nests and young.

As any boat nears the rock, the air suddenly fills with flitting and soaring snow, and the singular creaking and laughing cry of thousands of solan-geese, guillemots, razor-bills, and gulls, grate upon the ears and nerves.‡ The absurd habit of popping off guns from the pleasure-steamers and boats, and the landing of still more absurdly-ignorant and heartless tourists, who shoot the birds and capture the eggs and young, has greatly lessened the numbers of the fowl, and threatens in a few years to drive them entirely away, as they have been driven from other parts of Scotland. It is much to be regretted that the owner of the Bass§ does not take some interest in preventing the mischief done both by the tourists and those who have charge of the boats, as it is seldom that so fine a haunt of sea-fowl can be studied with safety and ease. The gannet are rarely seen in their breeding-grounds, and actually migrate every year from Ascension Island to the

* Hugh Miller says that the peculiar trap-tuff of this interesting coast, Plutonic but stratified, is also scratched and frayed throughout by colossal ice-floes.

† Hugh Miller.

‡ Seven kinds of sea-fowl still haunt the Bass; the gannet, or solan-goose, razor-bill, the foolish and another guillemot, tern, and two sorts of gulls. It is not too much to say that the laughing gull after a time affects the nerves like the laughter of maniacs.

§ Sir Hugh Dalrymple, Bart., of Luchie, North Berwick.

Bass Rock. And again, as each goose lays but one or two eggs, more than common care is needed to preserve, or at least to defend, the breed.

After floating slowly and carefully, in the greenest of deep water,* round the dizzy northern heights, the visitor comes in view of the two entrances to the eastern cavern, piercing the rock to a great depth; but as it is sea-floored except at very low tides, and the entrances are not lofty, it requires a stout heart and some real motive to explore their depths. There is delight enough in their outward form, the exquisite gradations of their deepening cobalt shadows, the melting of the grey rock into red, and the broad bars of richest lichen crossing the whole. Here the greatest length of the island is seen. On again rounding its southern side, the stranger first clearly awakens to the singular difficulty of landing, as the whole rock is raised upon a kind of basement, running directly down into a tremendous depth of sea, and, except at one point, is far above the reach of foothold or scramble. Fraser of Brea, who was long imprisoned in the fort says: "You can only land at a full sea, for at ebb every one must be *cranned up*" (craned), and the remains of the landing-crane were not long since to be seen. One break or ledge, in truth, of the basement story is the sole access, and upon this, crusted with young muscle and limpet, the spring must be made while the boatmen hold on by a bar of iron fastened into the rock. It is obvious, therefore, that any moderate wind makes it unsafe to land on the Bass, and that, in a fresh gale, it is not only utterly impossible, but the attempt would be courting certain death.

After landing there is a short scramble from ledge to ledge of rock, and thence an ascent by the steep slope and well-worn stairs of the once terrible fortress, by which the platform of the castle is reached. Within the battlemented and weather-pierced curtain lie the crumbling remains of the narrow fort, the guard-room, with its wide fire-place, the governor's rooms and garrison lodgings, and below them the well and double range of vaulted dungeons, in which were confined the non-juring or nonconforming clergy—the Covenant ministers of Scotland under Lauderdale's rule of twenty-eight years. Probably nothing in the Bastille itself was more dreadful than the lower vaults of this dungeon-range, without other light than the small air-hole or a passage-borrowed loophole affords, with no flooring or roof but the damp slimy stone, down which the water perpetually trickled, and where no sounds were ever heard but the howling of the wind, the swash

* Said to be fourteen fathom sheer from the rock.

and roar of the waves, which sometimes dashed fifty or sixty feet over the courtyard or platform, and the dreary sea-fowls' scream. For several months in the year even the garrison were cut off from intercourse with the main-land, and were allowed extra pay so long as duty condemned them to this hated fortress.

The first mention of formal proprietorship of the Bass is in 1316, when a charter was granted to Robert Lauder, by William Lambert, Bishop of St. Andrew's. The charter granted him the lordship of the rock, to him and his heirs for ever, *with power to keep off all men and women*, for the payment of one pound of white wax at Whitsuntide. Robert Lauder went out with Sir William Wallace on several expeditions. The Lauders therefore took the title of "Lairds of Congalton and the Bass," and assumed as crest a solan-goose sitting on a rock, with the motto, *Sub umbra alarum Tuarum*. As early as 1405 the fort was known as a "strength," and in 1424 Walter Stewart, the eldest son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, the Scottish Regent during the captivity of James I. in England, was imprisoned there by his father. Early in the sixteenth century, Boece calls it "a castle in Lothian fortified by nature in a most extraordinary manner," and in 1548 the French officers then in Scotland as allies of the infant Queen Mary, went to view the chief "strengths" of the kingdom, and among them the "Bas.*" In 1581, James VI. paid the Bass a visit, and being much struck with its capabilities as a fortress, offered the laird "anything he liked to ask" if he would sell it to the crown. The Lauder of that day replied, "Your Majesty must e'en resign it to me, for I'll have the auld crag back again!" "Foolish King Jamie's" more unwise son, Charles I., claimed the Bass, after his usual manner, as crown property, but his claim was set aside by his sad end. In 1651, the fort was made the record-office of Scotland, but the next year was obliged to surrender the archives to Cromwell, who fastened them into a large cask and sent them to the Tower of London. At the Restoration they were returned to the Bass, but singularly enough, were once more sent to London after the Stuart troubles, and were burnt in the House of Commons in the great fire of 1834. Meanwhile, the Lauders had at last sold it, in 1671, to Charles II., at Lauderdale's instance, for £4,000. A garrison of about twenty-five soldiers was then regularly maintained to keep guard over the unfortunate Covenanter ministers who refused to belong to the Episcopalian Church, and between

* That same year the young Queen with her four "Maries" was taken to the French Court.

forty and fifty of these were most cruelly detained in these damp, unwholesome dens for many years, or till death. On the ramparts a very small window facing south was the only light to Mr. Blackadder's cell, from which he was released by death after sixteen years' confinement, and his body was let down in chains into a boat, and buried in North Berwick churchyard. The inner prisons were even worse than his, and they were all excelled by the horrors of the old keep-dungeon, in which Thomas Hogg of Kiltearn was imprisoned. The stair leading to it is now open to the day, and by creeping through a hole in the wall, the interior of this horrible vault can be reached, and some faint idea formed of what it must have been to spend years of life deprived of light and air, listening to the water trickling to the floor, and the dash of the waves. In looking down upon these now crumbling and gaping vaults, the saddened spectator can only pray that the sufferings undergone here may not be in vain, but may have pleaded for the captives to win grace where they are finally delivered from the hands of man. The garrison of the Bass fully sustained the Scottish character at the Revolution of 1688, and held out till 1690, when it fell by famine; but by the bravery of a handful of James' adherents the rock was again seized, and held for four years. Being then in extremity for want of food, the governor surrendered on honourable terms, having dressed up pikes in cloaks and caps and set them along the walls, so that the Orange assailants thought the garrison stronger than it was. Even then, like Sir Richard Grenville when he threw his sword into the sea, the garrison declared that their guns should not fall into Orange hands, and hurled at least one of them over the northern precipice, intending to bury it "deeper than ever plummet sounded" in the sea. It was, however, caught on a ledge of rock, where it still lies, with "J. R."—*Jacobus Rex*—dimly discernible on its side.

It is pleasant to turn one's back upon the old fortress, and scale the rocky southern face of the islet, which contains about seven acres of mixed crag and rough pasturage, watered by a spring which bursts out near the summit of the rock. Passing by the deep rift or chasm before mentioned, which affords an awe-striking glimpse of a cloud of gannet slowly flitting across the deep blue sea, a scrambling climb leads to the ledge or slope on which stands the roofless chapel of St. Baldred,* the hermit of

* The ruins now to be seen are, obviously, of a much later date than the hermitage, and are probably the chapel "consecrat and dedicat" in St. Baldred's honour by "Dawid Beton, Cardynall and Bisshop of Santandros," in the sixteenth century.

the Bass, and the foundations, distinctly traceable, of his hermitage. His history, like that of the other island hermits of that time belonging to the Culdees, is singularly instructive, though it is sometimes difficult to distinguish its actual historical facts from traditions and legends which grew out of his influence and the circumstances of his flock. It is certain that in the middle of the sixth century, St. Baldred, a Priest of Scottish descent, was driven, either by persecution or the endless broils between the Scots and Picts, to the shores of East Lothian, and took up his abode upon the Bass Rock, building himself a chapel and a cell, and leading pretty much the same life as St. Columba at Icolmkill and St. Adamnan at Inchkeith, higher up the Firth. Whether he was really "Bishop of Glasgow and the successor of St. Kentigern or Mungo," the patron of that city, is a vexed question into which we cannot enter, nor into that other of the peculiar features of the Culdee Clergy, their Bishops being subject to several Abbots, and administering the Sacraments in obedience to their direction. There is no doubt that the early British, Irish, and Pictish Clergy, had varieties of discipline which they brought direct from Asia, and which are matters of interesting discussion, but all that we can here enter upon is the beautiful fact that we can stand within this very hermitage which was founded more than thirteen hundred years ago, and look from it upon the scene of the hermit's labours in the vineyard of God. One historian, not too well inclined towards the Church, distinctly says St. Baldred was "impelled with an ardent desire for propagating religion, and devoted himself to the Picts, instructing them in the way of Christ." Simeon of Durham declared that "the bounds of his pastoral care embraced the whole county from Lammermoor to Inveresk." His life, in short, reminds us both of St. Wilfred and St. Cuthbert. Like St. Wilfred afterwards in Sussex, St. Baldred lived with the wild Picts, the peasants and fisher-folk of the lonely and dangerous coast stretching its merciless red rocks from Tyne-mouth to Dunbar, and fell in with their ways and habits, as the missionary Saints have done, and must always do, till he softened their rude, indocile character, and won them to the faith. While carrying out his duties, either as Apostle, Priest, or Bishop, among this unruly and often-changing population, St. Baldred seems to have won also the hearts of his flock in no common degree, and that their love and reverence for him was so unbounded, that they applied to him for help in all their daily wants and troubles. From this fact, as we believe, a number of pretty stories or legends sprang up. Once, on being implored to

hinder the mischief done to boats and lives by some specially dangerous rock off the coast, it is said that the hermit knelt upon it and prayed, upon which it gradually sank in the sea. Another time, when his presence was urgently required in some distant part of his charge, and no boat was to be had, St. Baldred prayed again, and the rock on which he stood floated away with him on his errand, and for some time afterwards served him as a craft to convey him to and fro. When he had no further use for it, he sank it in the sea. To this day a large rock in Auldham bay is called "St. Baldred's coble," or "Baudron's boat" by the fishermen who have now so widely strayed from the faith he taught on their shores. Another rock is named "St. Baldred's cradle," and "Baudron's well" is shown in a field near Auldham, nearly opposite the Bass. So when the hermit died, the three chief townships or villages under his charge, Auldham, Tynningham, and Preston, disputed for his body, and took up arms to make good their cause, and then, says the chronicle,* they severally begged his body, but as they could not agree, by the advice of a certain old man they left the body unburied, and separately betook themselves to prayer. Morning being come, they found three bodies perfectly alike, and all prepared with equal pomp for interment. "So," says another account, "all the people of each village coming thither, carried the same away"—one each—"and placed it in their churches, and kept it in great honour and veneration for the miracles that at each place it pleased God to work."

In whatever way and degree it *did* please God to reward the strong faith and devoted love of these wild children to their lost Father, it is certain that these legends all point to the way in which he lived for and among them, and won that unbounded confidence which is the sure reward of a life more than commonly self-denying and ascetic. And, again, they add one more to the testimonies of the great gifts and supernatural powers which are invariably bestowed upon those who first carry the Gospel to any heathen people, or give themselves up in a more special way to spreading the Kingdom of Christ. There are few facts more interesting in the history of sanctity than the study of this characteristic feature, which seems to branch out and blossom, so to speak, with the utmost variety and beauty, from the words spoken at the Beautiful Gate: "Silver and gold I have none, but what I have I give thee."

Whenever St. Baldred had leisure for retirement, or could rest

* The Breviary of Aberdeen.

for a little space from his labours, his habitual dwelling-place was the hermitage on the Bass. No one who has ever read the beautiful account of the last hours of St. Cuthbert, the Abbot of Melrose and Lindisfarn, can forget his end on Holy Island. How he was visited by the weeping Brothers, who vainly sought to carry him back to Lindisfarn to die among them; how they prayed beside him, tended him lovingly, sought to make him swallow food, and were forced to leave him, slowly sinking, with death and eternal life meeting on his angelic face, that they might hurry across the tide-washed sands in time to reach their abbey in safety. This helps us to realise St. Baldred's lonely hours on the Bass Rock, where no pathway was ever opened to the shore for any one to visit and cheer him, and where, in stormy weather, he was in danger of perishing of absolute want.* It is true that these hermits of the sixth and seventh centuries, whose lives resembled that of the Camaldolese and Carthusians of a later day, had a small garden attached to their cells, in which such roots as would sustain life were produced, but the growth of the Bass could not have been luxuriant, and the hermit's time to cultivate his garden must have been small indeed.

It is good, in these days of lavish indulgence, of inventive selfishness, and of boundless craving, to stand within the narrow walls of St. Baldred's chapel, or the stricter limits of his dwelling, and try to realise what it must have been to face death there unhelped and alone. Cast away, as it were, on a desert rock, amid the sound of the dashing breakers, the shrill pipe of the wind, and the screams of sea-fowl, there was everything in nature to dismay the strongest mind and cause the stoutest heart to quail. Nevertheless, we can believe, without undue imagining, that having given so royally of what he had, St. Baldred received royal gifts in return, and that, like a great Apostle of a later day, when stretched upon the sands of Sancian, the hermit of the Bass also grasped his poor wooden crucifix with—"In Te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum," and gave back his soul without fear to God.†

* The two old Scottish impossibilities were to—

Ding down Tantallan;
Mak' a brig to the Bass.

† It was customary for the Cistercian Nuns of North Berwick abbey to make an annual pilgrimage to a little chapel on "Fedderly" (Fidra) Islet, and another to the Bass. This convent was burnt in 1529. Thus, by little and little, the holy places of the earth are *de-sanctified*, and all but mere natural beauty is taken out of them.

Sixtus the Fifth.

WHATEVER part of Rome the English traveller may be engaged in exploring, his eye is constantly attracted by the name of Sixtus V. If he turns round from gazing on the glorious façade of St. Peter's to examine the obelisk of the Vatican by his side, he reads, "Sixtus V. Pont. Max.," and had an inscription been suitably placed there, the magnificent dome itself might well have borne on its swelling breast the name of him who commanded and urged on its erection. Over the great door of the Vatican library he observes again the arms of Sixtus, and below these his name, in letters of gold on a dark ground. In the placing of the obelisk in front of St. Mary Major, and again in the Chapel of the Holy Crib, we have his work. On the Loggia of St. John Lateran he has planted his name; and it occurs over and over again in different inscriptions in the Lateran Palace, strangely mixed up with those of heathen deities. You have wandered, perhaps, to the centre of the piazza, and are looking at the pedestal of its obelisk—the same characters meet your eye. Curiosity leads you to examine its rival in the Piazza del Popolo, and, as you almost expect, there the now familiar Sixtus V. is once more before your eyes. It occurs in two or three places on the Aqueduct of the Aqua Felice. It waits for you in the Fountain of Moses by the Baths of Diocletian, and above some baths erected by the Pope for public use. The fountains of Quattro Fontane, that near the Quirinal, those of the Capitol, of Ara Cœli, of S. Maria in Portico, of S. Maria de' Monti, of St. John Lateran—all these bear his name. That same name marks for him the columns of Trajan and Antoninus. The street from Trinità de Monti to St. Mary Major's, presents it again to you, and you read it in a second street close to the same

spot. As you pass from the gate of San Lorenzo, or as you approach the Quirinal, there it is before you; it is on the Esquiline, and finally on a street from St. John Lateran to the Coliseum. Sixtus V. rescued from the ruins of the Baths of Constantine the two famous horses that look down upon Rome before the gates of the Quirinal Palace, and having placed them where they now stand, left that well-known name engraved on one of the pedestals. Within the Palace of the Vatican it may be read in the Court of St. Damasus, it shows his care to preserve the pictures of Raphael in the Hall of Constantine, it marks a private staircase made by him between the Vatican and St. Peter's, and again, the principal entrance into the Cancellaria. On the Tiber, close by the Ripetta, stands the Church of St. Jerome, rebuilt by him and surmounted with his name; the Church of St. Sabina was restored and almost built anew by him, while, many miles up the river, the Ponte Felice bears witness how his constant activity began its erection. No wonder that the traveller, whose eye grows familiar with a name so constantly recurring, is tempted often to pause and ask who Sixtus V. was, when he lived, and how long he reigned as Pope? He will certainly not be prepared to hear that this Pope reigned just five years and four months, and that his zeal in improving and embellishing the central city of the world was a very small part of what he achieved during his short Pontificate.

Felice Peretti was born on the 13th of September, 1521, at Grotto à Mare, in the March of Ancona, about ten miles from the little town of Montalto. At the age of ten years he was admitted as a Novice into the Monastery of St. Francis of Montalto, and during the following year took his vows as a Religious. After passing rapidly through his studies in classics and philosophy, he completed his theology in three years, adding to it a year of metaphysics. About nine years after this we read of his being the friend of St. Ignatius, of St. Philip Neri, and of St. Felix of Cantalice. And the character that he bore was one of great strictness and severity of life, drawing to him the attachment of the good, but arousing open hostility

in those who were not faithful to their Religious profession. In 1557, he was elected Provincial of his Order in Hungary, and Regent and Inquisitor at Venice. In his fulfilment of this latter office, the Venetian Senate accused him of over-zeal and severity, while they themselves interfered with his diligence in restoring ecclesiastical discipline. They sent their accusations to Rome, demanding his recal. Pius IV. hesitated, but at last yielded the point, and Peretti returned to Rome, bearing with him this high character from the Doge, that he was held in very great esteem both by the Doge himself and the Republic, and that he hoped within ten years to see him Inquisitor, while he assured him that he would always receive him again with pleasure.

After this time, Peretti, or Montalto, as he was generally called, held the offices of Theologian of the General Council, Consultor of the Sacred Office, and Professor at the College of the Sapienza in Rome, and was then made Vicar-Apostolic and General of his Order by Pius V. In the year 1567, he was created by the same Pope Bishop of S. Agata dei Goti, in the kingdom of Naples, and the 17th of May, 1570, saw him at length promoted to the dignity of Cardinal, taking his title from the Church of St. Jerome of the Sclavonians, though he retained the name of Montalto. During the succeeding fifteen years of his Cardinalate, Montalto lived in great retirement, and dedicated all his spare hours for twelve years to the completion of a new and amended edition of the works of St. Ambrose. This adds one more to the proofs we already have of his learning and persevering application, but it scarcely prepares us for the stirring energy and versatility of those subsequent five years of a Pontificate that engraved the name of Sixtus V., not only on the walls and columns of Rome, but in still deeper characters on the page of history. The career of Cardinal Montalto up to this point had certainly awakened great interest in him. None could doubt his ability and learning, and we should think that few of the Houses of his Order that he visited would be inclined to accuse him of any want of energy or firmness of character on his departure. They might well

say with Father Tempesti, himself a Franciscan, that the "visits of Father Montalto were by no means visits of routine or idle compliment, nor was his government one of outward show, but on the contrary, well calculated to eradicate abuses, and to indicate pretty plainly what would be the chief character of his Pontificate." Mingled, however, with his severity, was evidently a great sincerity of purpose. In all his strictness of discipline he seems to have set the example himself. And, as we have seen at Venice, even those who feared and wished to be rid of him, had not only very little to lay to his charge, but felt themselves actually constrained to express their esteem and admiration of his rectitude. Cardinal Montalto has been accused of ambition, more especially of aiming through life at that supreme dignity itself to which he was afterwards raised. It may have been so. He certainly availed himself of all the opportunities of promotion that came in his way. But if he really affected the Papacy, he sought to rise by steps most honourable and conscientious. He recommended himself only by acts that increased his merit, and we can see nothing but the highest of claims in an uncompromising zeal, in a devotion to learning, and a life of submission and studious retirement during fifteen years, which were quite as likely to stand in the way of, as they were to help on a mere selfish ambition. In the conflict of motives that led the Cardinals to be almost unanimous in electing him to fill the Holy See, we can find no trace of any real intrigue on his part, though he had no hesitation in accepting the onerous post as soon as it was offered to him. It has been said, indeed, that he had recourse, while the election was pending, to the most unworthy artifices, simulating humility, and tottering along with the help of his stick, bent and coughing, in all the weakness and decrepitude of assumed old age, in the hope he might be elected as one likely to be easily led by others, or too infirm to last very long. Had such a ruse been thought of, or attempted, it must have signally failed, for the Cardinal's real character must have been too well known to admit of the possibility of such a deception, and, we may add, of the probability

of his ever having thought of it. Affable he may have been, and was, to all, and willing to interest the leading Cardinals in his favour, but we have no reason to suppose he used any other means, though many delays and obstacles arose in the Conclave before the question was decided, and he must have known well for some time how great his chances were, and how they hung suspended in the balance, and might have been easily swayed in either direction. On the contrary, the motives which actuated the Cardinals in their vote appear to have been quite independent of any action of his own in the matter, and were based rather upon the fact that Montalto was only sixty-four years of age, and was of a strong and active constitution, and was a Cardinal "both very able and very holy." He was elected Pope by acclamation.

While the usual homage was being rendered to the newly-elected by the assembled Prelates, Cardinal de Medicis, having forced an opening through the closed gate of the Hall of Conclave, made this proclamation to the people: "I announce to you a great joy, we have for Pope the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Lord Cardinal di Montalto, who has assumed the title of Sixtus the Fifth." The new Head of the Church was placed on the gestatorial chair, and borne down in solemn procession, preceded by the Cross and the Cardinals, into the Church of St. Peter's. There he adored the Blessed Sacrament, and proceeding thence to the high altar, after a short secret prayer, intoned the *Te Deum*. At its close, he removed his tiara, and from the altar steps gave his first solemn benediction to the people. The opening ceremony of his reign concluded by his being carried in procession to the Pontifical apartments in the Vatican.

It is a striking instance of the violence and effrontery of those times, that among the very first visitors who came to present their compliments to the new Pontiff was Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, who had not only within a very short time before assassinated Francis Peretti, the nephew of Sixtus V., out of a guilty passion for his wife, but had on the very day of the election of the new Pope married the woman whom his own act had made a widow. The

indignant glance of the Pope arrested in the duke's throat his few words of false and insolent congratulation, and he was answered by a reply full of stern and severe dignity. "Duke, be assured that none desires more than ourselves that the life of Paul Giordano should be worthy in the future both of your illustrious blood and of a true Christian noble. As regards what you have done in the past against the house and persons of the Peretti, none can speak more strongly to you than does your own conscience. Be sure at least of one thing, that whilst we willingly pardon you for what you have committed against Francis Peretti and against Felice, Cardinal Montalto, at the same time we shall never be disposed to pardon you what you may plot against Sixtus. Depart at once, banish from your house, and from your states, those bandits that up to now you have harboured and protected. Go, and obey!"

The new Pope had been elected on Wednesday, the 24th of April, 1585; on Wednesday, the 1st of May, he was solemnly crowned, and on the following Sunday he entered into full possession of his holy office, with the usual ceremonial at St. John Lateran. From this moment forward commenced a Pontificate that can scarcely be excelled by any for ability or vigour, though it is not necessary to defend each one of its acts either of internal rule or of external policy. It is one of those Pontificates that fell upon the times of the rise and spread of Protestantism, and we are prepared to find it active and unbending. But the mind of Sixtus embraced the whole range of the varied duties of the Vicar of Christ. It did not expend all its energy on any one branch of public duty to the sacrifice of others. Active and stirring as it was in the line of foreign policy, and of temporal rule at home, it was equally energetic in the less worldly and showy sphere of the internal and spiritual economy of the Church. Thus the Pope particularly strengthened the Church's internal government by fixing the number and titles of the Cardinals, but still more distinctly by defining the exact field of their duties, and dividing the sixty-six Cardinals into fifteen Congregations, each with its own determinate province and powers of action. He sought, too, to stir

up the Catholic Princes and laity to take greater interest in, and to lend greater help to, the spiritual power in the defence and spread of the Church. What he did for the heart and centre of the Catholic system, he did, as occasion required, for all the different parts of the Church and the different countries under her spiritual rule. In some parts of Germany he restored the former discipline in the matter of Communion in only one kind, the permanent custom having been temporarily interrupted by special permission of Pius IV., granted to a few as a mere personal concession.

A short time after this the Pontiff was engaged in settling a point of far more difficult arrangement, his two-fold success in which showed how he could combine tact with firmness, and how versatile were the energies of his mind. A Benedictine church, situated on one of the islands in the vicinity of Venice, had, at the instance of the Doge and Senate, been, several hundred years before, raised to the dignity of an abbey church, with the view of electing always as its Abbot some member of the Venetian nobility. The election, however, was to be left in the hands of the Benedictine Superior at Mantua, and the Abbot was to be a Commendatory of the Holy See. In course of time two noble families of Venice claimed the right of presentation; that of Gradenigo, on the ground that a sort of right of Patronage had been granted by Clement V. to a former member of it, and the other of Trevisani, a family which had actually, for many generations, supplied Abbots of their own name accepted by the Pope. In 1549 the Senate demanded from this latter family the renunciation of all their claims, under pain of sequestration, though they rested them on the decisions of the Court of Rome. John Trevisani, fearing to resist the Senate openly, tried to get his nephew secretly elected, having obtained his acceptance on the part of Rome. But the Senate, already indignant at the assumption by Trevisani himself of the title of "Abbot, by the grace of God and of the Holy Apostolic See," for which they had once before threatened him with exile and confiscation, hearing now of this second step, renewed its decree against

him. His appeal to Rome for protection against this act of contempt for Papal authority involved the Pope in some difficulty, as he had for so long stood on delicate ground with the Republic of Venice, and had lately established fresh terms of mutual good relationship between that State and the Holy See. The Senate had, besides, freely presented him a palace which he had been on the point of buying at Venice for the Papal Nuncio. But when he might have temporised, and sacrificed rights held from the Court of Rome to worldly policy, Sixtus did not hesitate a moment. He summoned to his presence the ambassador of the Republic at Rome, and complaining strongly of the violation of the rights of the Holy See, required that the decrees of the Senate should be immediately annulled, under pain of breaking up all diplomatic relations between Rome and Venice. The Senate, against its general custom, yielded before the firmness of Sixtus. But a short time after, he with great tact preserved a perfectly good understanding with Venice by at once taking up her just complaints against the Knights of Malta, who had for more than thirty years interfered with the Venetian shipping, and done much damage to the trade of the town. Sixtus wrote to the Grand Master of the Order, and on his refusal to present himself at Rome, required him, as his spiritual subject, to put an immediate end to these hostilities. This resulted in a mutual agreement so satisfactory that the Doge, in the name of the Republic, sent public thanks to the Sovereign Pontiff.

Not less firm was Sixtus in rejecting the false claim of the Duke of Savoy to nominate the Bishops to be consecrated within his dominions. At Besançon, at Lucerne, and in Spain he made the firmness of his spiritual rule to be felt; he extended his watchful care in 1589 to Mexico, in confirming the resolutions of a Provincial Council; he created a new Archbishopric in Japan; he declared the canonisation of three Saints, pronounced St. Bonaventure to be a Doctor of the Church, and founded a College in his name.

But it is when we come to the political acts of this Pope, and the exercise of his temporal power, that we enter on a

subject of more general interest, and one which stamps this reign as so full of energy and practical wisdom. We cannot, of course, expect Protestants to look with much favour on the political acts of a ruler whose right to exercise any foreign policy at all is an especial grievance to them. Still less can they allow any good in one who was the implacable enemy of Protestantism, and who renewed and confirmed the excommunications formerly pronounced by Pius V. and Gregory XIII. against the royal daughter of Anne Boleyn. Nor will it now be regarded so strong an argument in his favour, as it would have been till comparatively lately, that he espoused with such warmth and with his usual firmness the violated rights of Mary Queen of Scots. But even Protestants may have some admiration left for a Pontiff who, with such unswerving singleness of purpose, with such conscientious sincerity, with such determined energy, kept to that one great work which, at the same time, he fully believed to be the cause of God, namely, the extirpation of heresy and irreligion. In labouring for that, as though it were the one sole object he had before him in life, they must confess he employed no really unworthy means. They may hate the very name of that Inquisition which he considered an engine justly directed against heresy and unbelief. They may laugh at his energetic excommunications as perfectly powerless, though, somehow, very unpleasant results are perpetually following upon them—the deaths of Henry III. of France and Elizabeth of England being far from the most consoling pieces of historical reading, as little as have been of late the death-bed scenes of many of the recent enemies of the Church. But they can scarcely find fault with an uncompromising zeal, which made Sixtus as ready to reject and oppose the demands of Henry III. of France and of Philip II. of Spain, when these trenched on the prerogatives of the Church, as it had enabled him for long to bear with the weakness of the one and cooperate with the vigour of the other. The same strong motive led Sixtus to be equally anxious to be reconciled with Henry IV. of Navarre, when he ceased once more to be

the apostate Calvinist, and became a true and steadfast Catholic.

Strong churchman as he was, the Pope could worthily instruct even Kings in the nature of their sacred obligations: "The King of France would do far better to employ his time in really governing the kingdom and people whom God has confided to him; he would do better still in being on the watch to exterminate heresy, to purify this flourishing country from the troubles that infest it, and re-establish it in its ancient splendour. For such is the true work of a King, and of so great a Prince descended from ancestors so truly Christian." Far, then, was he from approving of all those long processions and ill-regulated external devotions by which the King sought to gild over the vices and vacillations of his reign. In fact, it cannot be denied that Sixtus was a Prince of grand and large views, and that the principles he inculcated were often really noble, and couched in forcible and eloquent language. Take, as another instance, one of his heads of instruction to Morosini, his Nuncio at Paris: "The Pope would, above all, have the King remember that he holds the position of a common father, and that he should not suffer himself to be gained over by one party more than by another; that he should, on the contrary, lean only to the side of him who will with sincerity strive to promote the glory of God, the exaltation of the Catholic faith, the extirpation of heresy, and the peace which is so ardently to be desired." We may safely call these principles as sound and as important for the guidance of the Catholic politician of our own day, as they were for the French King in the sixteenth century. It is said that Sixtus V. weakly and craftily played into the hands of Philip II., though all the while he was afraid of his growing power. This last he may have been, but he only feared for the interests of the Church, while he had a very strong and very early presentiment of the treachery of those who proved false to the principles they professed. He certainly was most unchanging himself, and it makes one smile to mark how promptly he rebuked Philip when he threatened to take the appointment of Bishops and

even Cardinals into his own hands. What a stern lesson he reads to His Majesty, and how confidently he might have pointed to the destruction of the famed Armada by different storms at sea, as a punishment for Philip's encroachments on the Church's rights, his undue pressure on its free action, and the self-interested motives of his policy in assailing the enemies of the Church, that he might make the way clearer for himself to the throne and sceptre of France !

We have not tried to make out that the foreign policy of Sixtus V. was faultless on all points, and we have no wish to describe his exercise of temporal power at home as being without its faults also. But we meet here with the same energy as before, and there is especially such practical good sense, such a marked anticipation of much of the spirit and many of the measures of modern statesmanship, as to recommend this Pope to the good opinion of the day, and help to silence the favourite accusation, of which we hear so much, that the temporal rule of ecclesiastics is essentially and necessarily vicious. We must remember that Sixtus V. by no means stands alone in giving proof that ecclesiastics can be both able politicians and sound statesmen, and even wise legislators, anxious for the temporal security and prosperity of their people. Without going back to name those Popes whose prominent position and decided administrative ability in past times are freely acknowledged by the historian, we can point with confidence to the reigns of Pius IX. and Gregory XVI., to the fame of such Cardinals as Pacca, Consalvi, and Antonelli, the merits of whose political and administrative acts are not appreciated in our day simply because the present age does not deal honestly by them, but either keeps them carefully out of sight, or makes light of and ridicules them, or even ventures so far as to distort them, nay deny their very existence. Very different was the treatment received at the hands of our own statesmen of only one generation past, men who had not adopted the political principles of the present day. But now statesmen agree to ignore at once all such facts as militate against their own determined purpose, which is

to get the exercise of *all* real power into their own hands, and make the whole policy, the whole internal government, and the whole législation of the people under them, in all their relations in life, merely earthly and temporal, and thus as thoroughly one-sided as they accuse the ecclesiastical ruler of desiring to make them.

Without denying, for one moment, that many ecclesiastical rulers may have committed grave blunders in foreign policy, as in internal administration, we maintain that the fault lies simply in the error of the individual judgment (of which human infirmity we have at least quite as many and as grave instances in the civil ruler), and not in their position or office. We are prepared to go even further and say that, of the two, the ecclesiastical ruler is far more likely to take a wide and impartial view of his obligations and the importance of the interests at stake than is the civil ruler, for he regards the whole state and destiny of man here upon earth, and not one, and that the least important, part of it. Do not also those who write and speak so confidently of the all-sufficiency of lay statesmanship, and the essential, hopeless weakness and narrow-mindedness of ecclesiastical legislation, forget that they themselves are at least one of the parties in court, and witnesses for the plaintiff, and that they are not in a position to be judges over the cause? When it is a question of the real happiness, of the security of life and property, not to speak of the solid prosperity of the people, surely the present sad condition of Spain and Italy, the amount of Christianity left in Germany or Sweden—nay, the proportions between belief and rationalism, morality and vice, security and violence, in our own populations, are curious arguments by which to hold up the vast social benefits of emancipation from the nerveless, narrow-minded, dark, and degrading exercise of ecclesiastical temporal power. We have ventured, at all events, to put a witness in court, whose acts speak for themselves in testimony that even a Pope as far back as the sixteenth century could anticipate, and could supply a remedy for difficulties yet remaining unsolved in this nineteenth century, and felt not in Italy only, but nearer

home. Thus, for instance, a great and fully acknowledged evil exists in Italy still; we refer to the prevalence of brigandage. The spoliation of the Holy Father of part of his temporal dominions, was at once to replace impotence by the common-sense energy of the civil hand. Unfortunately, however, the evil is, several years after that date, more rampant a great deal than it was then; and all the real good done in extermination has been done by the Pope himself.

But let us see how his great predecessor dealt with the same difficulty. In the first place, the state of things was as bad as could be. Roads, villages, country houses, the very streets of chief towns and of Rome itself, were all full of bandits. Assassination, poisoning, robberies, abductions, and worse, were the order of the day. A clumsy workman of course lays the fault everywhere but in the right place, and so we are told that present brigandage cannot be extirpated in Italy, because it is half military in character, or because, as is falsely stated, it is secretly favoured in high places. But Sixtus V. had to deal with the armed bands of the Pepoli and the Malvezzi, one side being encouraged by the Duke of Ferrara, the other by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was very energetic, but he did not, to save trouble, order groups of persons to be shot down under the uncertainty, perhaps improbability, that they were guilty of any offence. By a Bull which he published, he required, under pain of certain penalties, all persons of property, and also Communities, to be well prepared to meet the attacks of all aggressors; they were to combine together to arrest and imprison all such, and every one was bound to render assistance at sound of alarm. Every person of power harbouring or even encouraging them was made answerable for all the damage committed, besides having to pay stated fines; and those who could not seize them were to accuse and denounce them. Wiser still, the Pope assigned certain remunerations, encouragements, and favours, according to the efficiency with which the persons of the bandits were secured for punishment; and bandits who turned "king's evidence" and gave up a comrade or

chief, could redeem both themselves and a certain number of companions who had helped them. It is curious to observe that the Pope adopts in this Bull the principle of one of the most recent acts of our legislation, that affecting the habitual and notorious criminal, carefully, however, excluding all fraud in the judgment pronounced on his culpability. Nor would he exempt from the severest punishments the youthful robber or bandit, if he had passed his fourteenth year.

These enactments were made stringent enough on paper, but they were made still more so in execution. The marauders at first laughed at them, as our modern roughs pretty safely do at the police, but they did not laugh twice. And a few anecdotes will explain to us the force of what became the common cry in the streets of Rome from the mouths of the attacked—"Beware! remember that Sixtus reigns." We recommend this plan being tried in our own streets; and when the name of our worthy Commissioner of Police becomes so potent a weapon of defence, we may take credit to have come up to the level of a Pope in the suppression of a much less difficult, though of a kindred, evil. Curzietto, a noted bandit, had the effrontery to lead twenty-five of his band up to one of the gates of Rome, where, knocking loudly and announcing insultingly his own name, he demanded admittance. Being pursued, he fortified himself in a church beside the Basilica of St. Paul, and making his escape the next day, passed through the country to Ascoli, where he united his band to that of Marco di Sciarra, and returned to the Roman Campagna, this time seventy men strong. After committing all kinds of atrocities, Curzietto, fearing the vengeance of the Pope, retired in fancied security to the March of Ancona, and thence passed over into Dalmatia. In an evil moment he crossed again to Trieste, laden with arms, money, and spoil. But that energy, which had commanded and obtained the full cooperation of all civil authorities, laid its strong arm on him even there. He was at once seized by the Governor, and after frightening the whole town by the violence of his resistance, he and his companions were drugged, and in that state bound and sent

to Ancona. Too proud, however, to face the humiliation of such a return to the scene of his former insolent boasting, he cast himself into the sea and was drowned.

In quelling the factions of the Pepoli and Malvezzi at Bologna, Sixtus was wise enough to assail one at a time. Pepoli was summoned by the Pope to give up a ferocious bandit whom he harboured. On his returning an insolent reply, he was immediately seized, and his cause tried at Rome in his absence. Meanwhile, letters from him, calling on the Duke of Ferrara to come to his assistance, were intercepted; and he had besides set his bandit prisoner free. These two circumstances hastened his condemnation. Without defence, he was condemned to death, and shortly afterwards beheaded at Bologna. With not a moment's loss of time, the Pope called upon Malvezzi to repair the injuries done by him to a neighbouring family, or be treated as a rebel if he disobeyed. He braved it out for a short time, but hearing that he would next be accused of a murder committed by him, he was seized with such fear as to fly precipitately for his life. Turning after this to the neighbourhood of Rome, the Pope rid that part also of a kind of civil war that had long raged between two families of the place. This energy of following up every case of violence, gave the point to one of those public jokes, called *pasquinades*, for which Rome has always been famous. One morning the statue of St. Peter on the bridge of St. Angelo was found covered with a cloak, shoes were on its feet, and a travelling-bag placed in one hand. St. Paul, on the opposite side of the bridge, having writing-tablets in his hand, was represented as asking his opposite neighbour the reason of these preparations for departure. "My friend," replied St. Peter, "I must fly from Rome, for I fear lest Sixtus, in looking up all the ancient cases of assault, may bring a charge against me for cutting off, as I did fifteen hundred years ago, the ear of one of the soldiers of Pilate's Court, in the Garden of Gethsemani."

We have no time to enter now into the question of the modes adopted by the Pope to replenish the exhausted coffers of the treasury. There is a great deal of difference

in the opinions pronounced on his measures in this respect. But here, as everywhere, he was full of energy, of care, of forethought; and if many blame him for his large loans and heavy imposts, none can doubt the purity of his motives, or what Ranke called "that practical and effective thought," which was his distinguishing quality.

The energy, indeed, and enlightened policy which characterised so many of this Pope's greater undertakings, are equally observable in all the minor, even the smallest, details of his rule. We hear a great deal said against the foreign troops of the present Pope. Sixtus, under very different circumstances, sent away all foreign soldiers from his dominions. Stern and severe as Sixtus was to real offenders, he, like his successor of our own times, extended his protection to all Jews, and granted them free residence within his States, forbidding any insult or persecution, as tending only to harden them in their impenitence and unbelief. A Papal Government is supposed to delight especially in leaving its prisons loathsome dens, and torturing their inmates in every possible way. The reign of Sixtus V. was as free from blame in this respect as is the present reign; he built new prisons and enlarged the old ones, that the prisoners might be classified and have freer space. Of debtors he took an especial care, and appointed a fund for the liberation every Easter of all whose debts did not exceed a certain sum. As a privilege, too, he granted the pardon each Lent of one condemned to death for any offence, save treason. He was a foe to all idleness and mendicity of the poor; he instituted different manufactures and employments to teach them how to gain a livelihood. He regulated the trade in corn, oil, and cattle, to prevent its being burdensome on the poor. He ordered and carried out such strict police arrangements as to convert the annual carnival into a safe and innocent amusement, from that scene of violence and outrage which it was before. No abuse, however detailed, escaped his notice. It had been the custom to scatter gold pieces amongst the people after a new Pope's coronation, he at once changed so unmeaning a custom into a distribution of charity to the really deserving. Did

a town stand in need of a supply of fresh pure water, the Pope took that matter too under his care. Are we only now awaking to the importance of regulating needless expense in funerals, marriage feasts, dress, &c., and desirous that public custom should modify these? Sixtus tried to restrain their excess in his own day by enactments, which however fell to the ground.

Even that great evil of the day in Ireland, modern absenteeism, so fruitful a theme for discussion and agitation, that did not escape the untiring vigilance of a Pope of almost the middle ages. The ancient laws of the Holy See, renewed by Sixtus, would have made but short work with the present difficulty, for by them it was forbidden to sell landed property *to strangers, not established within the country*. And he declared null every such alienation of property to a stranger, after the latter had allowed two years to pass without returning to fix his residence in that place where the property was situated.

Whenever we hear every kind of temporal rule exercised by an ecclesiastical Government denounced as necessarily weak, narrow-minded, and behind the progress of modern enlightenment, we can answer the objection by a great fact, and that fact is the life and Pontificate of Sixtus V. As we have said before, many other Popes besides Sixtus V. have shown themselves able and energetic rulers. But we are content to challenge the exclusive panegyrists of secular government to name any civil ruler who, under similar disadvantages, and within the same space of time, has shown more ability or energy, or has carried through a greater number of wise reforms and practically useful measures than Sixtus did. The work achieved by him under the three widely different heads we have enumerated, nearly three hundred years ago, and within the short space of five years and four months, is a marvel in itself, and while it would at any time do credit to, does often actually put to shame, the achievements of modern civil Governments extending to twice, and three times, as long a period.

Our Library Table.

1. It may certainly be said of the *Histoire des Princes de Condé*, by the Duc d'Aumale, of which the first two volumes have just been published in France—six years after printing—that it is a work which stands in no need of the high titles and birth of its author to give it importance or to secure it attention. It is well-written, it is the fruit of long and conscientious study, it is based on documents which have never before been made public, and the subject-matter is in itself of the highest interest. Considerable light has already been shed by it on events and characters prominent in the history of the religious wars of France, and we may hope similar fruits from the succeeding portions of the work. We may even anticipate that it will attain a standing among the few modern works which are translated into almost all the languages of Europe. At all events, it is a contribution to history of the highest moment, and will become indispensable to any serious student of the times of which it treats.

The two volumes now before us relate to the history of three members of that branch of the Bourbon family which has become known under the name of Condé. The whole of the first volume and a part of the second are occupied with the life of the first Condé, brother of the King of Navarre and of the Cardinal de Bourbon, whose name figures by the side of Coligny at the head of the Protestants in the first religious wars of France. His life is full of incident, his character, if not heroic and stainless, belong to the first rank of the men and soldiers of his time, and his career deserved an historian, though it cannot quite be said that the work of such a writer need necessarily have been that of a panegyrist. He died on the field of Jarnac, in 1569. The second Condé, a mere youth at the time of his father's death, was the companion and associate of his cousin, the young Prince of Bearn—afterwards Henri Quatre—and though a better man in many respects than either Henri or the first Condé, is altogether weaker and less interesting than either of them. He died—as it was supposed, by poison—at the age of thirty-six (in 1588), leaving his widow, who was for a long time under great suspicion of having brought about his death, a few months gone in childbirth. Great doubts were raised as to the legitimacy of the son to whom she afterwards gave birth, whose youth was overshadowed by her disgrace, but who afterwards was acknowledged by Henri Quatre as the heir to the honours of the House of Condé, and who for a time was heir-apparent of the French throne, until the birth of the son of Marie de Medicis. This was the Condé to whom the hand of the

famous beauty, Charlotte de Montmorency, was given by Henri, and who thus became so unfortunately conspicuous in the last great scandal of the many great scandals of the life of that monarch. The Duc d'Aumale finishes his second volume with the sudden death of Henri Quatre, in the midst of those colossal preparations for war against the House of Austria which the enemies of his fame attribute, and which were widely attributed at the time, to the resolution of the "grey-bearded" voluptuary to make himself master of the Low Countries, in which the Princesse de Condé was kept safe from his pursuit.

The ordinary reader will be dissatisfied with the Duc d'Aumale's book on account of its want of completeness as to the history of the times. A biography need not, of course, be a history, and a biographer may often presume that his reader is acquainted with events of the greatest importance to which he can only allude. It may be difficult to hit the exact measure between too much silence and too full a narrative in relation to events which belong properly to public history, a knowledge of which is, however, necessary for a full understanding of the career of a single person. But we cannot help thinking that the Duc d'Aumale might have been more copious than he has been in this respect. Certainly his book reads heavily, and leaves a confused impression on the mind. A good deal of the history of the civil wars of France is not very interesting; there is a desultoriness, a want of cohesion, an absence of complete results and even of striking achievements. It will also be obvious to every one that the author is a good deal too partial to the characters whom he places in the foreground. The work, as we have said, deserves high credit for its historical value; still, there is something about it to justify the impression which caused the jealousy of the French Government as to its publication, that it was to some extent a pleading on the part of an exiled Bourbon *pro domo sua*. We are continually reminded of the bravery and of the other virtues of the House of Bourbon. Nobody doubts that there have been brave Bourbons, but the family, even in the times covered by the narrative now before us, had grave and conspicuous faults, and there is a tenderness about the treatment which the disloyal and unpatriotic conduct of the Constable de Bourbon, and again of the first Condé, receives at the hand of the Duc d'Aumale which may fairly be thought to indicate an interest not altogether historical.

On other grounds it would perhaps be possible to point out still graver defects. We are not inclined to become the blind partisans of the Catholic leaders in the civil wars of France, still less are we disposed to plead the cause of Catherine de Medicis, Charles IX., or Henry III., at the bar of history. But we think that the writer before us has allowed his sympathies to be unduly enlisted on the side of his own heroes. As far as the book is at all a general history of the religious wars, it is written from the Protestant side, and the reader might almost rise from it with the two-fold impression that most of

the perfidy, the scheming, and the employment of unjustifiable means to compass great ends, was on the side of the Court or of the Catholics, and that the Duc d'Aumale himself has no very profound Catholic sympathies. Both these suspicions, we trust, would be equally erroneous. But we seem to see an inability to look at European history from a thoroughly Catholic point of view in the defence which the author makes for the aggressive plans of Henri Quatre against the House of Austria. No doubt the Princes of that House had at one time threatened to overshadow the whole of Europe, and the predominance of their power was dangerous in a certain sense to France. No doubt also the confusion and internal miseries of France were looked on from time to time by the Court of Spain rather as means which might possibly serve for the furtherance of its own ambitious designs than as calamities to the great Christian commonwealth. So far, there was reason in the desire to check any further accumulation of power in the hands of the House of Austria, and there was provocation given on the part of the Spanish Court, at least, to the aggressive plans of Henri. But the Duc d'Aumale treats of the question exactly in the manner in which any modern politician would treat it, and he ignores the great religious and Christian considerations which ought to have been present to the mind of the French King. It was, in reality, treason to Christendom to pull down the power which was the great check on the disorganising and debasing influences of Protestantism. It was treason to Christendom to forget the great danger to which Europe was still exposed from the power of the Turks, to attempt to weaken her best bulwark against their invasions, and even to contemplate an unholy alliance with the enemies of the Cross themselves. The policy shadowed forth by Henri's plans, as the Duc d'Aumale will surely admit, was the policy of Richelieu and of Louis XIV. To say that, is to say enough. It was the policy which sought the aggrandisement of France at the expense of the good of Christendom, the policy which supported Gustavus Adolphus in his designs on Germany, which attacked the Low Countries when the Turks were at the gates of Vienna, and which was punished by the calamities of the later years of the Grande Monarque, and may have had much to do in preparing the Revolution, and the repeated misfortunes and exiles of the Princes of the House of Bourbon.

2. So many hereditary titles have been claimed of late years, that the description of their origin and manner of descent is a very interesting subject. A dissertation, then, on the *History of Hereditary Dignities, with special Reference to the Case of the Earldom of Wiltes*, by W. J. Finlason, Barrister-at-law (Butterworths), seems well timed. The subjects chiefly treated by Mr. Finlason are the origin of Earldoms and other dignities, their course of descent, and their forfeiture by attainder. Earldoms were originally titles of actual dominion, and involved functions of military command. On this account, though

hereditary, they did not descend to female heirs. As there was not the same difficulty in the descent of estates to female possession these were not confined to male descendants. Indeed female heirs in the direct line were preferred to male heirs in a collateral branch. In the case of the descent of dignities, however, heirs male, though collateral, were preferred to female heirs, even lineal, unless indeed heirs female were excluded altogether. In the elevation of William Le Scrope to be Earl of Wiltes, the patent made the earldom descendible to heirs male generally, collateral as well as lineal. The title, after having been at the first granted with the full assent of the principal peers of Parliament, was repeatedly recognised in Parliament by entries on the rolls, and even in the statute-book. Mr. Finlason, passing on to the next question, maintains that an earldom so granted would naturally descend to his male heirs until legally lost or forfeited by the attainder of some possessor of it for treason, either by legal judgment from his peers during his lifetime, or by Act of Parliament attainting him after death. If an earl had been executed by legal trial, he could only be affected by an act of attainder for treason, in which case an act of *indemnity* was necessary even for the security of those who had executed him, so that indemnity implied illegality, and was distinctly different from an act of attainder. The mere "confirmation" of a past sentence to death, without any recital of a judgment or sentence for treason, would not amount to an attainder, and therefore would involve no forfeiture. These principles Mr. Finlason applies to the Earldom of Wiltes, and argues in favour of its restoration. The illegal execution of the Earl of Wiltes is thus related by Walsingham: "The Duke of York hearing that the Duke of Lancaster (afterwards Henry IV.) had set sail, and was prepared to invade the kingdom, having called to council the Chancellor, and William Le Scrope, Earl of Wiltes, the treasurer of the realm, and the Knights of the King's Council, John Busby, William Bagot, Henry Grene, and John Russell, asked them what was to be done in this matter. They advised him to quit London . . . but the aforesaid wicked councillors, and the treasurer, William Le Scrope, fled in haste to the Castle of Bristol. And the Duke of Lancaster having landed, these came to meet him, &c.; and they came with speed to Bristol, and laid siege to the castle, where, at length, the treasurer, William Le Scrope, John Busby, and Henry Grene, were taken prisoners, and they were forthwith, on the morrow, beheaded, at the outcry of the populace."

Thus the execution of the Earl was very clearly illegal. There was the absence of all real trial. If done in revenge, his execution was an act of murder; if in furtherance of a treasonable design, it was an act of treason, and it was perpetrated on the loyal and faithful minister of the rightful sovereign, King Richard. "It is impossible," says Mr. Finlason, "that a crime could either confer or take away a legal right—that it should confer upon the perpetrator a right of forfeiture, or inflict upon the victim the penalty of forfeiture."

3. We are glad to have read No. VII. of the *Sunday Library* published by Macmillans, and containing, in three parts, "The Apostles of Mediæval Europe." By the Rev. G. F. Maclear, B.D. In these slight sketches of the great Catholic Apostles of the Church in Europe the writer has done very fair justice to the Apostolic zeal and labours of such Saints as St. Patrick, St. Columba, St. Augustine of Canterbury, St. Boniface, St. Anskar, and many others. We thank him for bringing the narrative of their heroic lives before the general Protestant reader. And there are one or two points on which we feel especially indebted to him, where others might not have been either so candid or so honest. We refer to his allowing each life to tell its own tale, and under this head we would draw marked attention to his unintentional confession with regard to the last on his list, Raymund Lull, as few might have brought out so strongly the imprudence and frequent disappointments of a zeal which insisted so often upon going its own way without the full sanction of that highest authority, by which the others were always guided. We highly commend Mr. Maclear for pointing out repeatedly the singular esteem and care of all those great men for the preservation and dissemination of Holy Scripture, their bold stand against all the prevailing vices of the day, their hatred against domestic slavery, the noble self-sacrifice and singleness of purpose with which they spent themselves for the spread of the faith. He has not thought it necessary to interrupt his narrative in order to dwell on the hollowness of their claims, or the sinful weakness and error of their motives, or the absurdity of the miracles which they are reported to have worked. He even allows, towards the end, that several of them sought the authority and blessing of Rome upon their missionary work. We confess we are surprised to notice how carefully he has eliminated this very marked feature from the lives of St. Patrick and others who came more immediately after him.

Owing to his carefulness not to treat of the faith or practices of these early Saints, Mr. Maclear's account of them is necessarily very sketchy—a mere outline of what they were and what they did. We have an instance of the constant inclination amongst Protestants to draw comparisons between Judaism and Christianity, on which to found an argument against the history or teaching of the Catholic Church. Thus the first struggles of the Church for bare existence are likened to the Patriarchal period of Jewish history, and the Mediæval Church to the Mosaic Dispensation, in order to conclude that, like that Dispensation, the Mediæval Church was destined to vanish away after having done some real service for the truth. It is sad to see the unity and consistency of God's government in His Church thus sacrificed to the selfishness of Protestant prejudice against the Church's doctrines and practice. At all events our writer's treatment of his subject implies a confession that closer scrutiny would only bring out more strongly how decidedly the Saxon Church was at the same time Roman—Roman in her teaching, Roman in her religious doctrines

and spiritual life, Roman on all really essential points in her discipline. We will only add in conclusion, that Mr. Maclear's book is written in a very nice spirit, that it forms an interesting sketch of Apostolic labours, to which Protestantism can present no parallel, and that there is little if anything in it really objectionable to the Catholic reader.

4. While cases are daily on the increase in which the question is discussed as to whether or not a Patient should be sent to some foreign watering-place, and then as to which watering-place should be selected, a little book lately published comes in well for consultation and guidance. *The Baths and Wells of Europe*, by John Macpherson, M.D. (Macmillans), is at once a treatise on the use of water as a medicinal agent, a guide to help in the selection of some one particular watering-place, and a book of general information as to the habits of foreign bath life, and advice on a great many very useful and practical points. We might suggest indeed that the book is of rather too mixed a character, and might well pave the way for two separate works by the same hand—a simple guide-book to the selection and use of Wells and Baths for those who frequent them; and again a medical work on the whole question for the Profession. The usefulness of Dr. Macpherson's book as a popular guide may be shown by quoting a few of his more general recommendations. Thus, he warns against two mistakes the English patient often falls into, one of which we must call bluntly *over-feeding*, as well as eating too richly and in too great variety; the other is *over-bathing*, staying in the water too long, or taking more than one bath in the day. The expense at a foreign watering-place varies of course according to its popularity, but many are very cheap places of residence; and we are told, that altogether living, even at the best hotels, is considerably cheaper than in second-rate ones in England. In determining the point of going to a distant bathing-place at all, it is important to remember that a foreign Spa is of more especial use in chronic diseases that seem little affected by ordinary medical treatment. While real care should be taken in selection, as "many of the waters are very powerful medicinal agents, and may prove most injurious if carelessly employed." This fact alone would prove the call for such a trustworthy guide-book as Dr. Macpherson's. And that there is a large number of persons to whom it would be useful, is evident when we learn that "the principal baths alone, some twenty-five out of the three or four hundred considerable baths in Europe, have a resort of at least 300,000 individuals."

5. Mr. Ffoulkes' late pamphlet—which is now, we hope, rapidly sinking into oblivion—has received the honour of another very learned confutation. Father Bottalla succeeds to Father Ryder in *Strictures on Mr. Ffoulkes' Letter to Archbishop Manning*, under the title, *The Papacy and Schism* (Burns and Oates). This new pamphlet is marked by the same characteristics which distinguished

that written by the same author on the question of Honorius, in answer to Mr. Rénouf; there is the same sound theology, the same historical knowledge, the same controversial keenness. Fr. Bottalla devotes himself more especially to the historical questions raised by Mr. Ffoulkes. A great deal has lately been said on the subject of the False Decretals, the influence of which in forming the present discipline of the Church has been so enormously exaggerated; but there is still room for the clear and accurate statement contained in these pages. The same may be said as to Mr. Ffoulkes' "favourite aversion"—the Crusades. Here, indeed, Father Bottalla has an easy task, as the statements on this subject made by his adversary in two different works—*Christendom's Divisions* and the *Letter to Archbishop Manning*—are by no means in harmony with each other. We are glad to see that the present writer attributes the "mistakes" made by Mr. Ffoulkes to a "really remarkable absence of critical spirit" (p. 2); to "a want of proper theological training" (p. 6); and a "want of elementary theological principles to guide him amidst his historical studies" (p. 127). This is the real account of the matter, as far as it fairly belongs to the sphere of public discussion. We have nothing to do with motives, or with the measure of mental power which Providence may have allotted to this or that particular person. But it is of the highest practical importance, in these days when everybody talks controversy, to point out firmly and plainly that the history of the Church cannot be understood and interpreted unless those who undertake to study or to write about it are furnished with the key of sound theological learning, and that such learning cannot be acquired by mere reading without guidance. Mr. Ffoulkes is probably as industrious a man, and, for all we know, he may be naturally as able a man as many who write on theology, but he has hardly made a single step in his "historical investigations" which has not been more than half a blunder. We can only trust that the example of his misfortunes may do more good in warning others from taking the same course, than his pamphlet has done harm by the specific errors with which it is fraught. It is an advantage that a writer so well qualified to judge as Father Bottalla should be found putting his finger on that one principal cause of Mr. Ffoulkes' mistakes, to which for many reasons it is so important to draw attention.

6. To those who take an interest in the songs and legends of the Irish peasantry, and in the scenes of their peasant life, *Evenings in the Duffrey*, by Patrick Kennedy (M'Glashan and Gill, Sackville Street, Dublin, and Burns, Oates, and Co., London), will come as a pleasing sequel to *The Banks of the Boro*. The style of this book in some degree reminds us of those entertainments in which songs and anecdotes are strung together on a thread of light and sketchy narrative. Mr. Kennedy has framed his selections from song and story in rather too disconnected a setting of incident, and we do not see why they could not have been woven together in a more carefully worked-out

plot. But the drawing of each particular scene is very animated and life-like, and the songs and stories are, we doubt not, full of truth and reality; indeed this character is very clearly stamped on them all. The description of the "Courtship in Carlow" is very amusing, and the "Battle of Ballinvegga" is a dark chapter out of the history of Cromwell's time. "The Usurer's Ghost" presents a very graphic picture of the simplicity and credulity, yet solid, earnest faith of the peasantry. The story of the "Young Prophet" is a wild tradition, showing the love of the people for the wonderful and mysterious, without, however, real injury to their faith. The "Fight of Shroughmore" takes us back to the time of intrigue and adventure, while the "Story of King Art" carries us still further into the past, with its legendary tales of romance and chivalry; and at last, "Scollagh Gap" lands us altogether amongst the fairies. The songs are quaint and rough, either telling of love or dealing in wit, and a few are strictly national and political in bearing. The course of the narrative introduces us into the interior, we feel sure, of many an Irish home, and gives us the details of every-day life with a simplicity of description that reminds us not a little of the style of Washington Irving. Love, innocence, simplicity, and a taste for the superstitious and marvellous are all blended together just as they are in the lives of the peasantry, with the free interchange of wit and practical jokes. But in nothing is the writer more happy than in the thoroughly Catholic tone which he has imparted to all the acts and feelings of his characters without hesitation or affectation, apology or display. He has no mawkish sensitiveness in portraying the superstitious tendencies of wild country life, but he shows how little of the gross, how much of sprightly romance and poetry there is about them, and above all, that they are really a national characteristic, and are not connected with that firm attachment to the Faith, which on the contrary tends to restrain and correct it. His success hitherto will, we hope, encourage Mr. Kennedy to make us still further acquainted with the habits and traditions of his fellow-countrymen. There has been far too decided a monopoly on the Protestant side in the portrayal of Irish character, the racy droll illustrations, and less pure morals of which have been all arrayed against the Church; while Catholics have been too often placed before us in a light as unfavourable to their Catholicity as it is, happily, untrue in itself. We are doubly glad, therefore, to hail a Catholic delineator of Irish life who can enter himself into, and can communicate to us, a full enjoyment of all the best features of the national character.

7. The excellent publishing establishment of M. Herder has lately given to the literary world another splendid work, which will be read with great interest by German lovers of history. The life, letters, and smaller writings of Johann Friedrich Böhmer* give us an admirable

* *Johann Friedrich Böhmer's Leben, Briefe und Kleinere Schriften.* Durch Johannes Janssen. Frieberg im Breisgau. Herder'sche Verlagshandlung.

insight into the heart and intellect of a man who stands in the foremost rank among modern German historians. Her Janssen has traced with a masterly hand the gradual development of a mind which, up to the time of manhood, wavered from side to side in the choice of a profession of life, while along a parallel line are marked the religious tendencies and impressions of a soul which passed successively through the stages of Protestantism and doubt almost into the bosom of the Catholic Church. Böhmer's reputation rests upon his *Kaiserregistern*, for the compilation of which he had to travel much, in order to consult the various sources of history bearing upon his subject. Nothing is so necessary to the writer of history as the examination of its sources which lie in State papers and other original and official documents. The neglect of these is fatal to a writer's authority, and—what is of far greater moment—falsifies the facts of history by throwing the author back upon his own imagination for theories which are worthless because untrue. We have had occasion in another part of this periodical to call attention to some grave instances in point in the history of the Thirty Years' War.

Though born of a strongly Lutheran family of Frankfurt, Böhmer was led, after a life spent in the study of historical records, to entertain a great predilection for the Catholic Church. It was a saying of his that "the Catholic Church alone could preserve culture and science among men"—a valuable testimony when forced from one whose name for learning stands second to none in Germany. It is of course to be expected that in his letters he here and there puts forward views in which Catholics cannot altogether concur; these letters, nevertheless, are full of the most hearty and favourable judgments on matters of history connected with the Church, and therefore, in the present temper of the times, the authority of such a man will doubtless be allowed its full play by those Protestants in England who read him.

Böhmer's patriotism was of the most sterling kind. Born in 1795, he was a witness of the overthrow of his country, and of the prostration of his native city, Frankfurt, at the feet of Napoleon. He thus describes his own feelings when, in 1810, the city was under the conqueror's heel:—"Already, as a school-boy, I conceived a special predilection for old Frankfurt and its constitution. . . . Old Frankfurt was, as it were, my first love, and thus I remained during the whole of my life a citizen of the empire (Reichsbürger). . . . To my love for everything old and venerable corresponded my hatred towards everything new. In Napoleon and his adherents I beheld a kingdom of incarnate devils." This dislike for innovation so animated him in later years that he always attributed his country's unhappiness to the Bund, and strove to the last after that German unity which alone could heal the wounds of the grievously-smitten Fatherland. "For people and Fatherland!" he wrote in 1829, "shall be the watch-word of my life. I will remain a German to the back-bone. I will feed upon the old loyalty and upon the old freedom, upon the solidity

and the plain simplicity of our forefathers, and I will do what I can, by pushing on the knowledge of historical truth, to preserve for a better time the inheritance of the past. This is my vow." We close this notice with the words of Dr. Döllinger, which show how he kept his vow:—"Böhmer was the most pure patriot, the most German soul, that I ever met. I believe he produced upon every one who knew him intimately the impression that his whole being and action were concentrated in the thought of the common German fatherland, and in working for its honour and prosperity. Few of the learned have produced, in so high a degree as Böhmer, the impression of a perfectly pure action, free from all self-seeking, from all interested motive."

8. *The Pastor and his People* is the title of a new work by Mr. Potter, of Allhallows College, which is intended as a sequel to a former volume by the same author on *Sacred Eloquence*. There can be no doubt that even those very highly fitted by nature and grace for the important work of preaching—in all its various departments—can always derive great benefit from a knowledge of the rules which experience has suggested for the composition and delivery of a discourse, while those who would otherwise be poor preachers are sometimes so far assisted by these rules as to obtain a fair share of success. Rules help every one, and often prevent great failures, and this is quite enough answer to the critics who, like Dr. Whately, would absolutely forbid their study, on the ground of the artificial character of the result. Mr. Potter has put together, in the volume before us, a complete series of very valuable hints as to the various heads of sermons and methods of preaching, as to homilies and more familiar instructions, catechisms, and the like, and, again, on the important subject of "delivery." The work strikes us as the result of much industry in the collection of materials, and much judgment in their selection and arrangement, and we have no doubt that it will be found widely useful.

9. True to the instincts of Presbyterianism, the literary ability of a certain well-known Doctor in the north has made the public familiar with the title of *Good Words*; it is peculiarly fitting that a Catholic writer, by choosing the title of *Good Deeds*, should exhibit the Church's appreciation of the real point to be aimed at—deeds rather than words. In truth, nothing could more neatly and truly strike the keynote that marks the difference between the spirit of the Church and the spirit of Protestantism, than the naming of the two titles, one after the other. *Good Words* have been put forth, fairly enough, as a motto expressing the pith and chief strength of Presbyterianism—may we not say in a word, Protestantism. It has been left for a Catholic to supplement the substance to the shadow by starting a serial under the title of *Good Deeds*; *Sketches of Holy and Devoted Lives*, vol. i., pt. 1 (John Philp, London). The first part of this little

book, which is exceedingly nicely and cheaply got up, contains three lives of very holy founders of good works, under the three different circumstances of the single, and of the married life, followed by the Religious state, and of the married state, not so closed in, but continued on for many years by the association of the husband and wife in good deeds of the most saintly order.

The lives of Madame de Bonnault d'Houet, Foundress of the Faithful Companions of Jesus—of the Count and Countess de La Garaye—of the Mère Geoffroy, Religious of the Sacré Cœur, present to us in their very different vocations the same energy of character beautifully regulated by the most self-controlling obedience, the same spirit of earnest prayer, and the same clear appreciation of the infinite superiority of deeds over words in the esteem of God and of His Saints. We can unhesitatingly recommend the first part of this series.

10. *Cantorbéry. Une Ville de Souvenirs*, par F. X. Plasse. This is the title of an interesting lecture, delivered, we presume, at Clermont-Ferrand, by M. Plasse, Professor of History. It connects the history of Canterbury with the names of Cæsar, of Hengist, and St. Augustine, of Henry II., and St. Thomas à Becket, of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Cromwell, and of the Primacy of the Anglican Church; and it takes these names as typifying the different principles of conquest by the sword and by the Gospel, of the contest between the sacerdotal and kingly power, of schism and heresy, of the spoliation of the monasteries and the poverty of the people, and finally of the Anglican Establishment. Its chief feature is a sketch of the life and death of the great Martyr, and it touches upon that which was perhaps the occasion of its subject—viz., the residence for some time of St. Thomas in the neighbourhood of Clermont, and the interesting fact that Montferrand had dedicated a church to his honour within sixty years after the martyrdom of the Saint.

11. The Rev. C. B. Garside, in his *Discourses on some Parables of the New Testament* (Burns and Oates), has published three thoughtful and earnest series of homiletic discourses on the parables of the Prodigal Son, the Sower, and the Ten Virgins. We welcome them not only on account of their intrinsic merit, but as another attempt to put before Catholics sermons which may serve for spiritual reading of the most useful kind, that, namely, which consists mainly of plain and well-reasoned exposition of the boundless treasures of practical doctrine contained in the Gospels, and especially in the teaching of our Lord. Mr. Garside has a pleasing and lucid style, and the only regret felt by his readers will be that he has not given them more of his illustrations of the Parables.

12. Dr. Hartwig, the author of *The Sea and its Living Wonders*, and other works of the same kind, has lately published a very comprehensive book on *The Polar World* (Longmans). The work embraces

all topics connected with the Polar regions, southern as well as northern; it is very well arranged, very clearly written, and teems with details of the highest interest. There is certainly a singular charm about these desolate regions, where human life can only be maintained, if it can exist at all, at the cost of great exertion and skill in counteracting the disadvantages of climate and the stern inhospitalities of nature, and which yet have their own beauties and attractions, their marvels of sublime natural phenomena, and their abundance of varied life, at least of fish and bird. All that can be told of general interest concerning these regions will be found collected in Dr. Hartwig's pages, and the story as regards the northern Polar tract is very interesting, and will certainly be very new to the majority of English readers. We are accustomed to limit our acquaintance with these regions to a study of the voyages accomplished by our countrymen or by the Americans in search of the North-West Passage, adding a slight notice of Greenland, Iceland, and the Esquimaux. We forget the immense tracts of Northern Europe and Asia, the latter especially of great importance, as supporting the power of Russia by their mineral wealth, and we have barely heard of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. There are thus several chapters in Dr. Hartwig's book which break almost new ground to many of us. Very striking, too, is the contrast which he draws between the arctic and antarctic regions—the latter so far more sterile and hopelessly inaccessible than the former, on account of the great comparative absence of land as we proceed southwards from the equator, on account of which the cold currents from the antarctic seas are perfectly unhindered in their effect upon the temperature of intermediate latitudes, which effect, moreover, is quite unbalanced by any influence corresponding to that which the Gulf stream exercises upon the shores of Northern Europe.

13. The account by Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz of their *Journey in Brazil* (Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row) is a decided contribution to the study of physical science, and though not exactly a new work, it is a recent publication of by no means ephemeral interest or importance. Professor Agassiz could not content himself with travelling merely for pleasure, he wished to perfect his own scientific knowledge by investigating more carefully and intimately the different species of animal and vegetable life already known, rather than striving to discover new species. This we take to be the truest work of modern and future study in physical science, for in this respect it is still in its infancy, and in this way alone, by data laboriously attained, can we hope for the preservation of science from those hasty conclusions and materialistic tendencies which form the great snare in its study.

Since the advance of the Gulf Stream towards our shores is taken by some as the explanation of the increasing warmth of our summers, it may not be out of place to repeat a few remarks about this curious

effect of the trade winds, which blow, often by no means gently, and yet constantly, off the eastern coast of America. It was Franklin, as Mr. Agassiz tells us, who first systematically observed the facts noticed long before by navigators. "He recorded the temperature of the water as he left the American continent for Europe, and found that it continued cold for a certain distance, then rose suddenly and, after a given time, sank again to a lower temperature, though not so low as before. . . . He inferred that the warm current, keeping its way so steadily through the broad Atlantic, and carrying tropical productions to the northern shores of Europe, must take its rise in tropical regions, must be heated by a tropical sun."

A great many of the observations of the scientific explorer are of course real discoveries, and this in the sense that what is actually seen by the eye of the casual and uninterested observer a thousand times, suggests to his mind nothing worthy of remark. Amongst the curious facts mentioned by Professor Agassiz, is that shrimps of considerable size may be found in all the brooks, and even in the highest pools, about Rio de Janeiro, while crustacea of marine forms occur in the mountain streams generally. He describes with what interest he watched the operations of a little moth, akin to those which destroy the vineyards in Europe. In spinning his cocoon on a leaf, "he had arched the threads upwards in the centre, so as to leave a little hollow space into which he could withdraw; this tiny vault seemed to be completed at the moment we saw him, and he was drawing threads forward and fastening them at a short distance beyond, thus lashing his house to the leaf as it were. The exquisite accuracy of the work was amazing. With every new stitch he turned his body backward, attached his thread to the same spot, then drew it forward and fastened it exactly in a line with the last, with a precision and rapidity that machinery could hardly imitate." The writer strikes us as rather hasty in deciding that this extraordinary accuracy in work is the result simply of the moth's size and organisation, and that the little insect could not make his threads longer or shorter. This, we think, does not account for such wonderful accuracy as to plan. The conclusion is, that its action is rather a function, like digestion or respiration, than an instinct.

Why, we are inclined to ask, does the scientific mind, even of the best disposed, show such constant desire to take the materialistic side whenever possible or plausible, and prefer almost invariably to go against, rather than to agree with, received opinions and the teaching of faith? Thus, towards the close of the book before us, with regard to the arguments based on the differences of formation, complexion, and character in the human race, we confess we have never been able to see why the varieties that result from intermarriage between pure black and pure white, or between the different removes from either of them, may not as easily, perhaps more easily, be accounted for by our firm belief that all came originally from one and the same common stock. The really pure races have become, it is ^{er} very distinct in

character, but we do not see that either the regularity or permanence of the differences between them forces on us the conviction that there could not have been a community of origin for them. All the varieties that result from the intermarriage of those variously removed from Indian, Negro, or White, show, on the contrary, how very easily their distinct characters blend one into the other, and that in exact proportion to the removal from, or approach to, the pure specimen. We see nothing but what we would have expected to see in the fact, that "the offspring of an hybrid between Indian and Negro with an hybrid between Indian and White resumed almost completely the characteristics of the pure Indian." In fact, the facility in producing all these different varieties of colour and character proves that unrestricted fecundity which is a strong argument in favour of identity of species.

Mr. Agassiz saw for the first time alive the curious fish described as "four-eyed." A membranous fold enclosing the bulb of the eye stretches across the pupil, dividing the visual apparatus into an upper and lower half. No doubt this formation is intended to suit its peculiar habit of remaining on the surface of the water, with its head resting partly above and partly below the surface. Another peculiar family of the fish tribe, called the *acara*, carries its young in its mouth in the state both of ova and of young ones. Some occasionally lay their eggs in the sand, and, hovering over their nest, take up the little ones in their mouth. In describing the *Victoria Regia* as it grows in its native waters, in full harmony with dense masses of forest, with birds of every plumage, and insects and fishes of every colour, we are told of the beautiful device by which the whole immense surface of the adult leaf is packed up within the smaller dimensions of the young one; the complete green expanse of the full-grown leaf is gathered in between the small ribs in regular rows of delicate puffing. And afterwards, in proportion as the ribs grow, the leaf lets out one by one its little folds to fill the widening spaces, till at length the whole rests horizontally above the water without a wrinkle. We have only touched on one or two points as instances of the close observation and research of Professor Agassiz, we must refer to the volume itself for all those details of discovery in the fields of geology and zoology which make the account of his travels full of interesting information.

We have received the second volume of Miss Annie Thompson's *Metrical Translation of the Following of Christ* (Burns, Oates, and Company), and can recommend it as showing the same facility in verse and care of execution which marked her first volume.

ERRATUM.—In "The Autumn of Life," p. 339, fourth line of last stanza but one, for "The sky shines golden and the stars subside," read "*winds subside.*"

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LATEST FROM PARIS.—"There is one consolation for the lovers of the line of beauty—the discarded cachemire is coming in again. Long may cachemire reign!" The above item of intelligence, recently published in a contemporary, will be received with great joy by all who admire correct taste. The ingenuity of designers has been sorely taxed of late in producing fashionable novelties, and, after all, nothing equals the cachemire, with its brilliant but soft colours, and gracefully-flowing drapery. It may be safely averred that nothing adds so much to the grace and elegance of the female figure as a well-arranged cachemire shawl. Although for the moment the style of dress is not adapted for wearing a shawl in the ordinary way, it need not entirely be discarded. The idea of converting a shawl, without injury, into a useful and becoming shape, has been for some time the vogue in Paris, and has been much improved upon by Messrs. Farmer and Rogers, of Regent Street, who have arranged several of their splendid India shawls as models. Ladies may have their own cachemires transformed into the new shape at a moderate cost: or if they prefer an entirely new one, the present reasonable price of India shawls will be a great inducement to purchase. A novel patented shawl, called the Bengalore, a cachemire of beautiful design and colouring, is also available for this purpose, and can be obtained of the above firm in a variety of handsome patterns.—*Morning Post.*

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